

Accessions

149,592

Shelf No.

G. 3810,24

*Barton Library.*



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*Received, May, 1873.*

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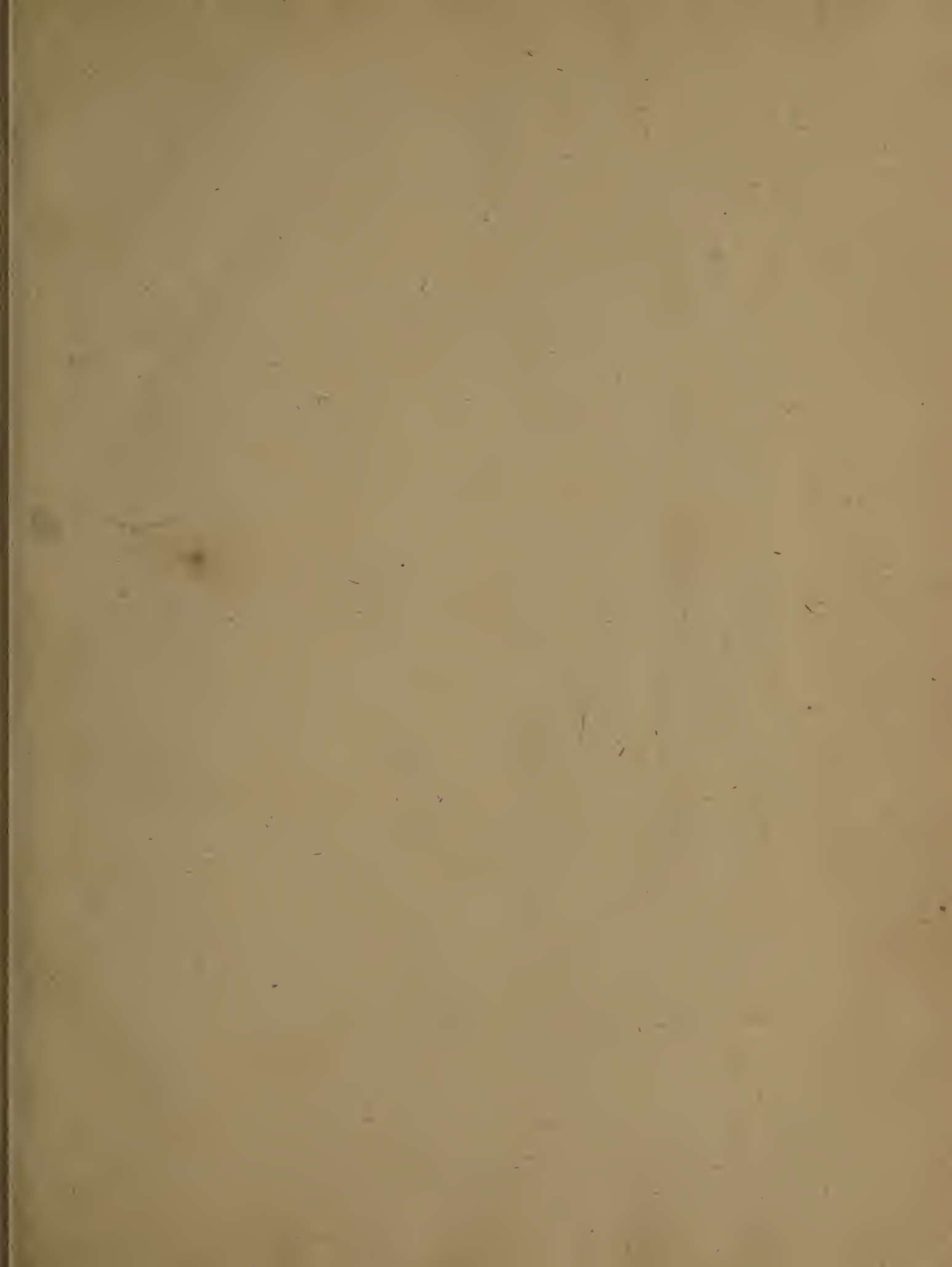
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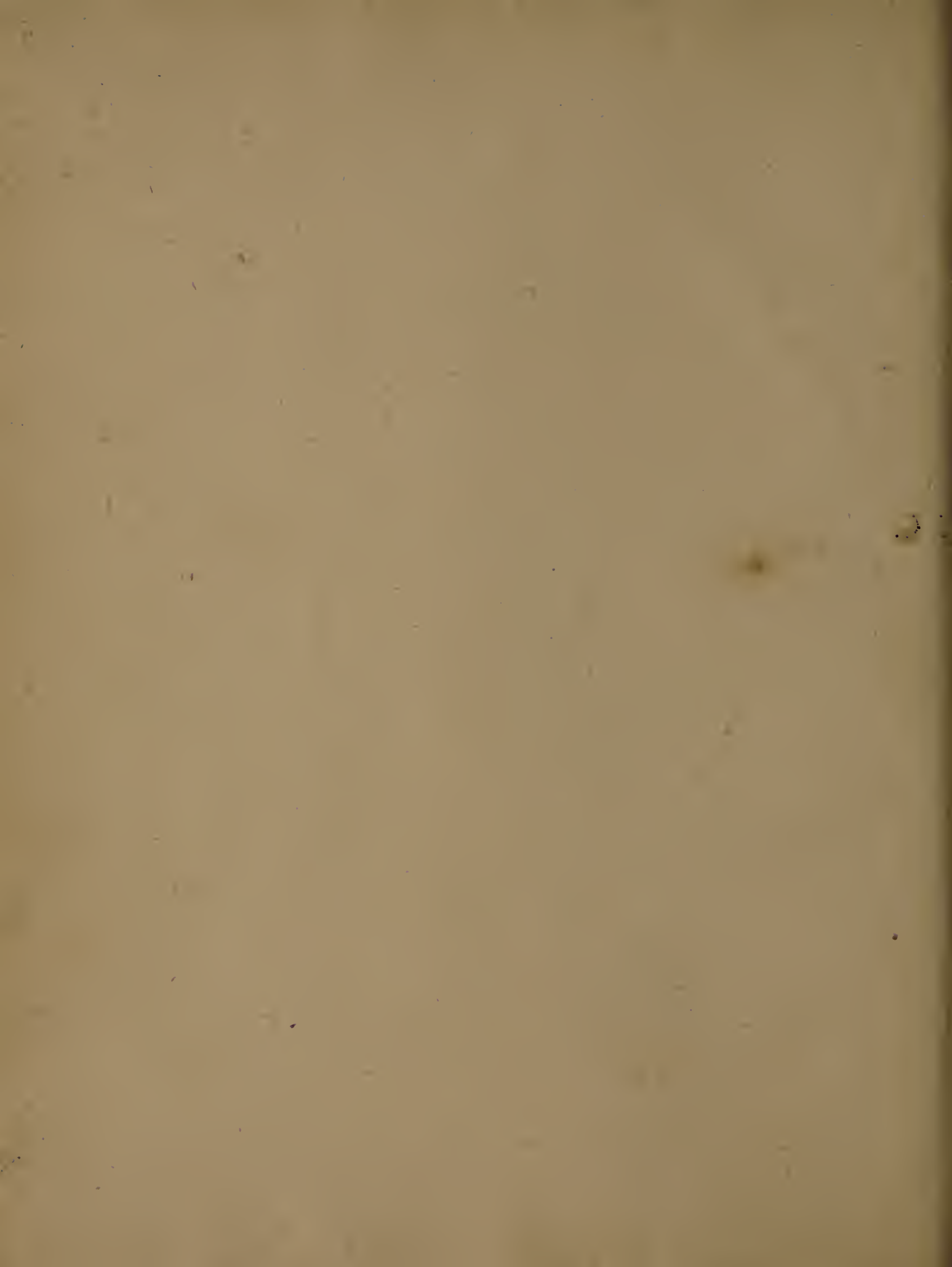
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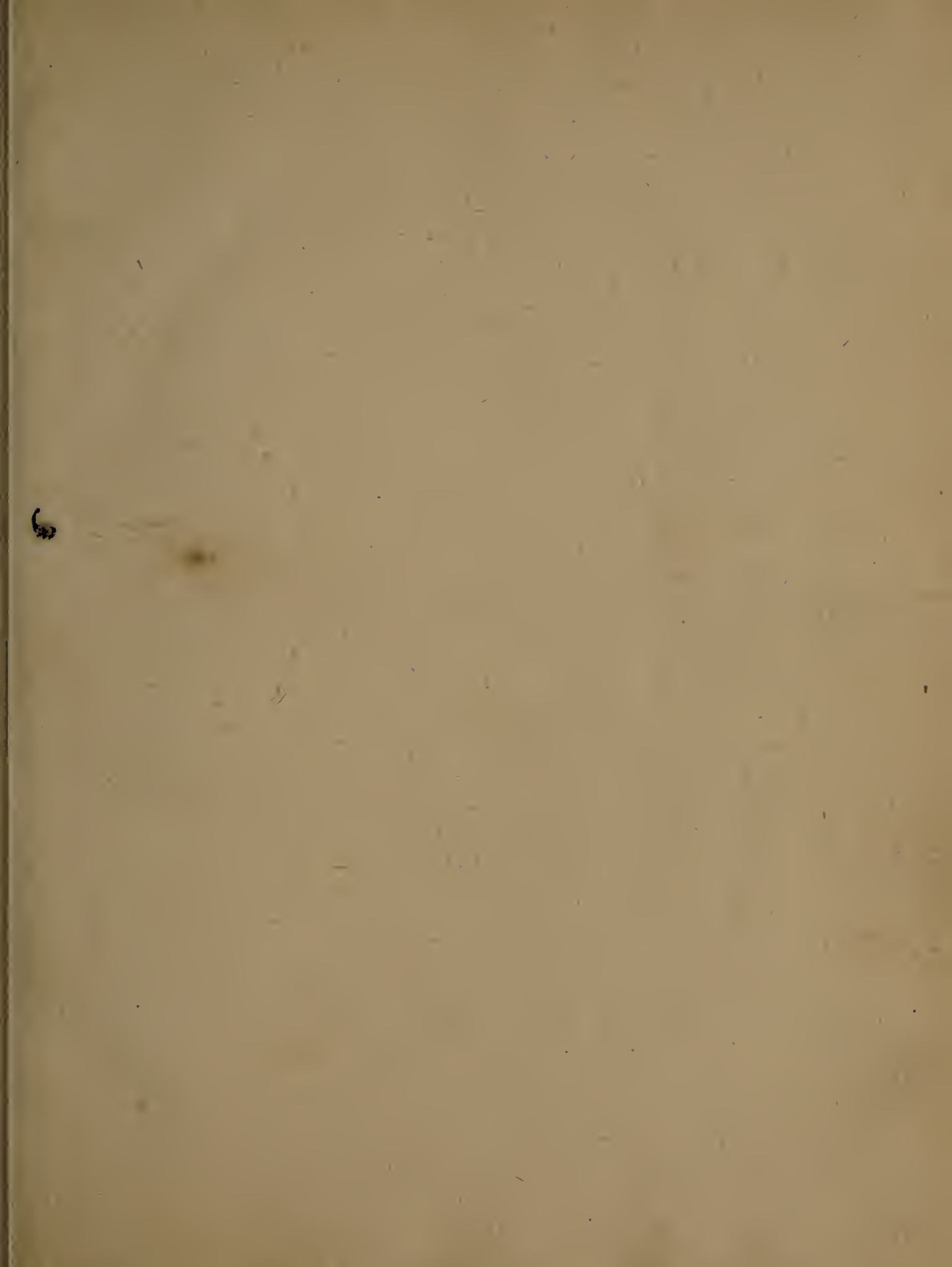
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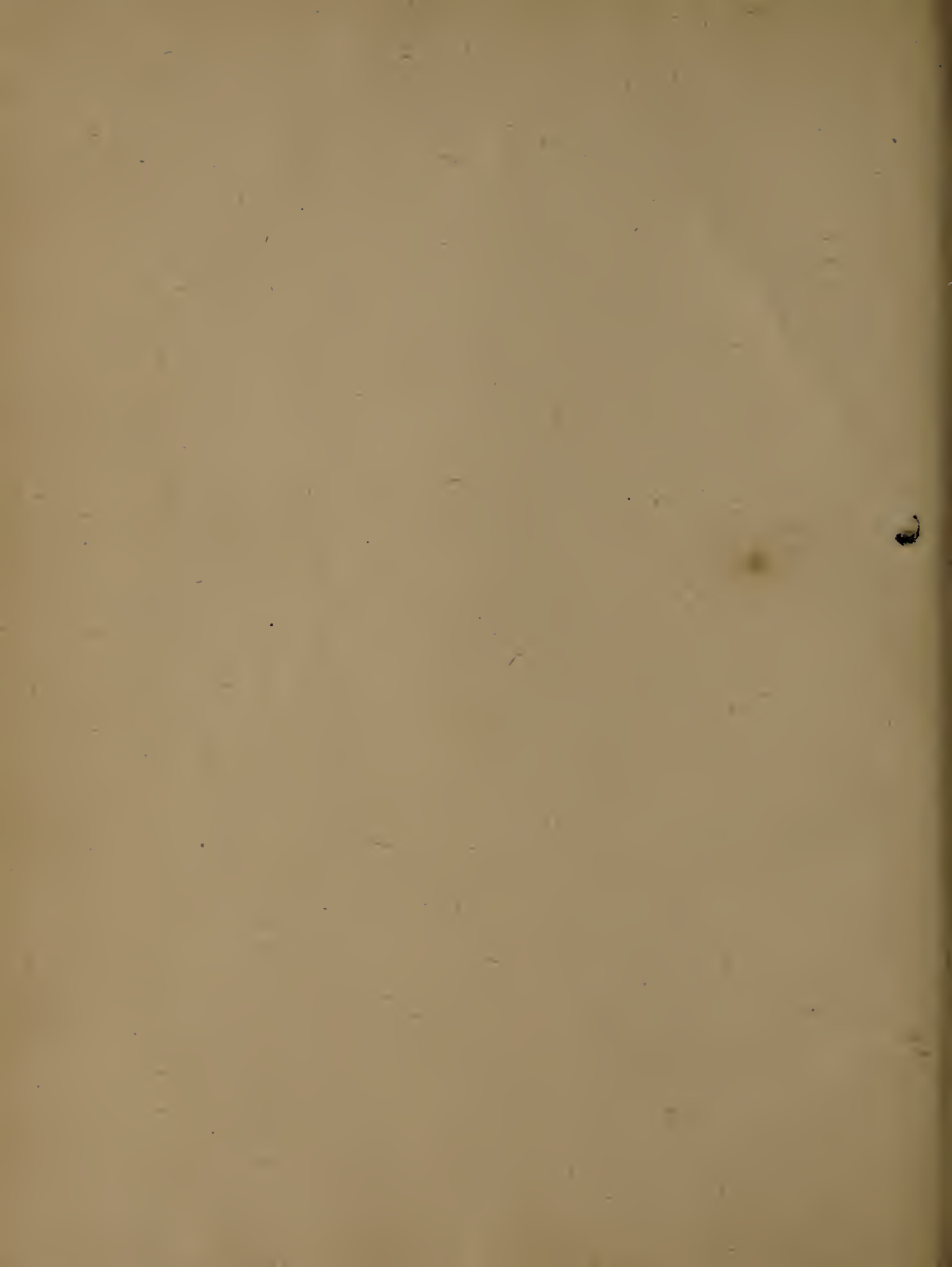




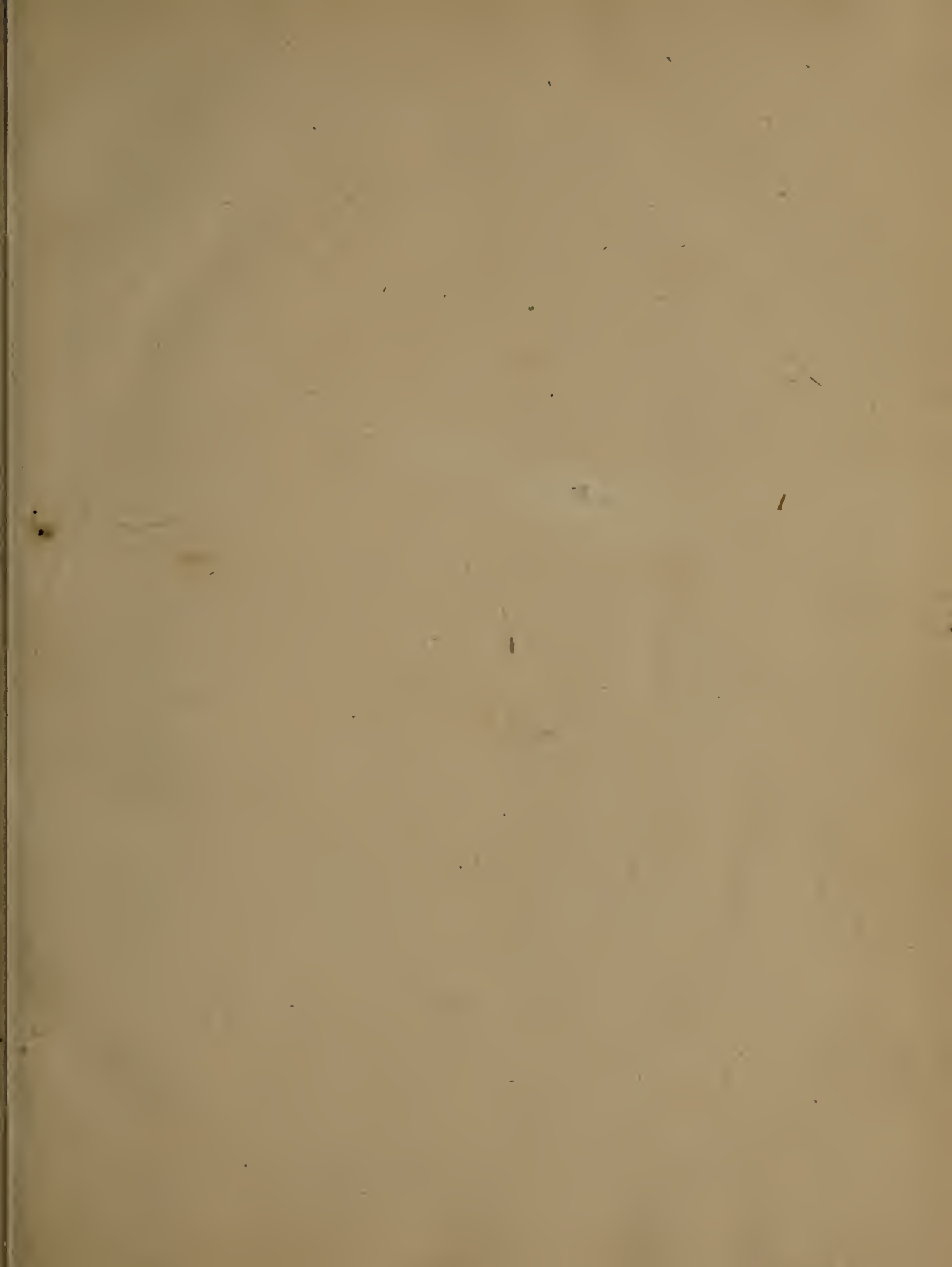


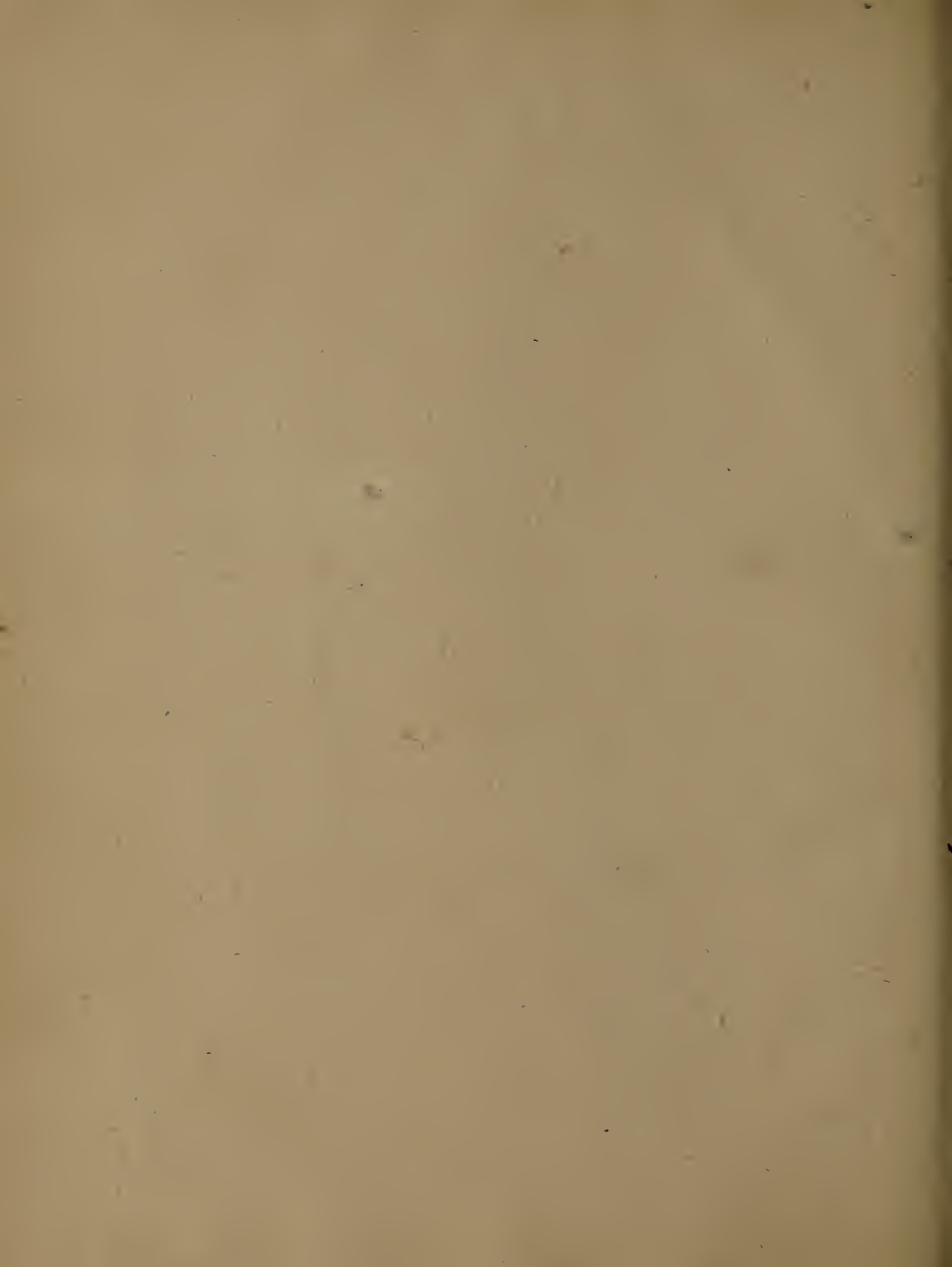


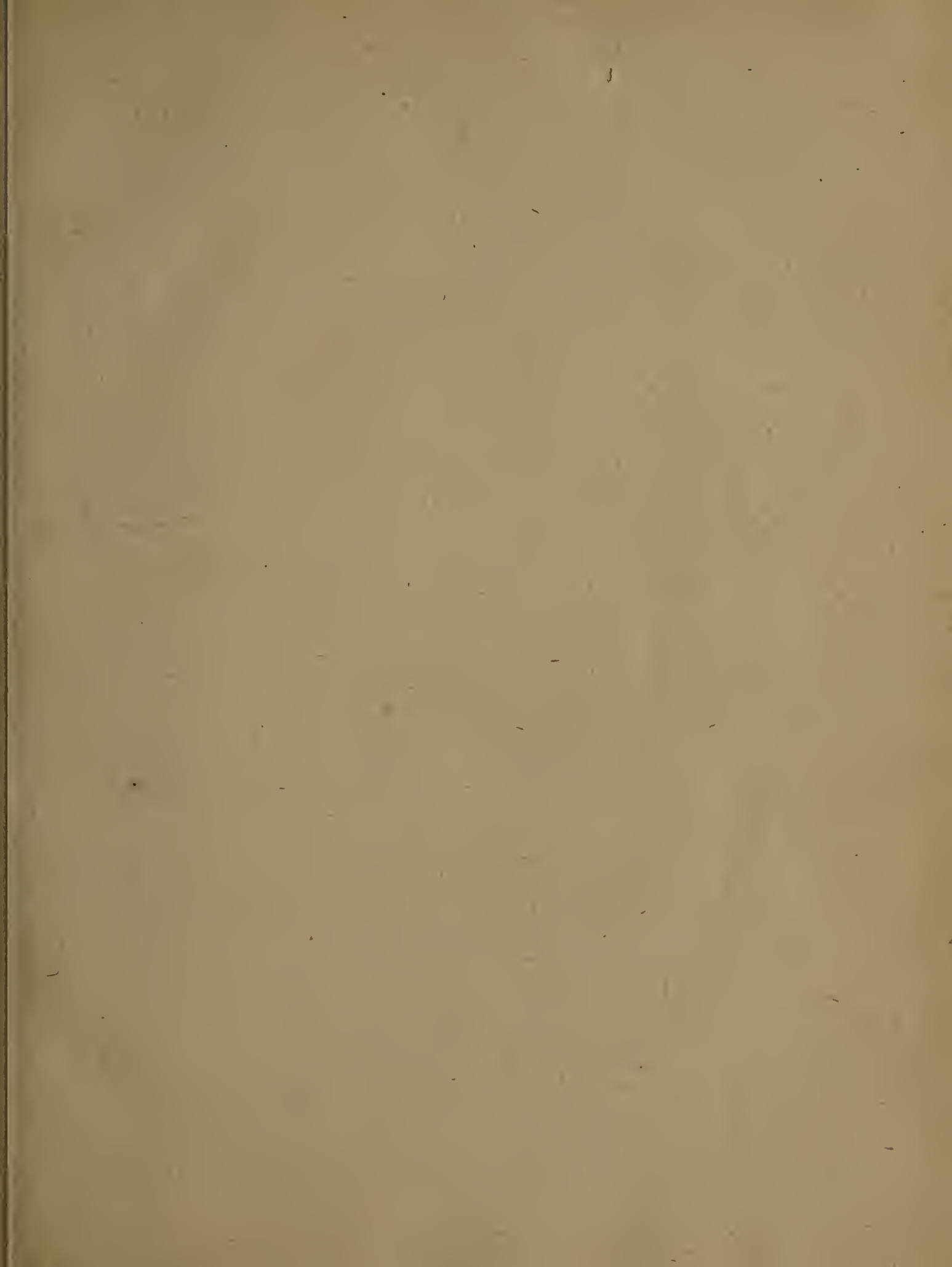




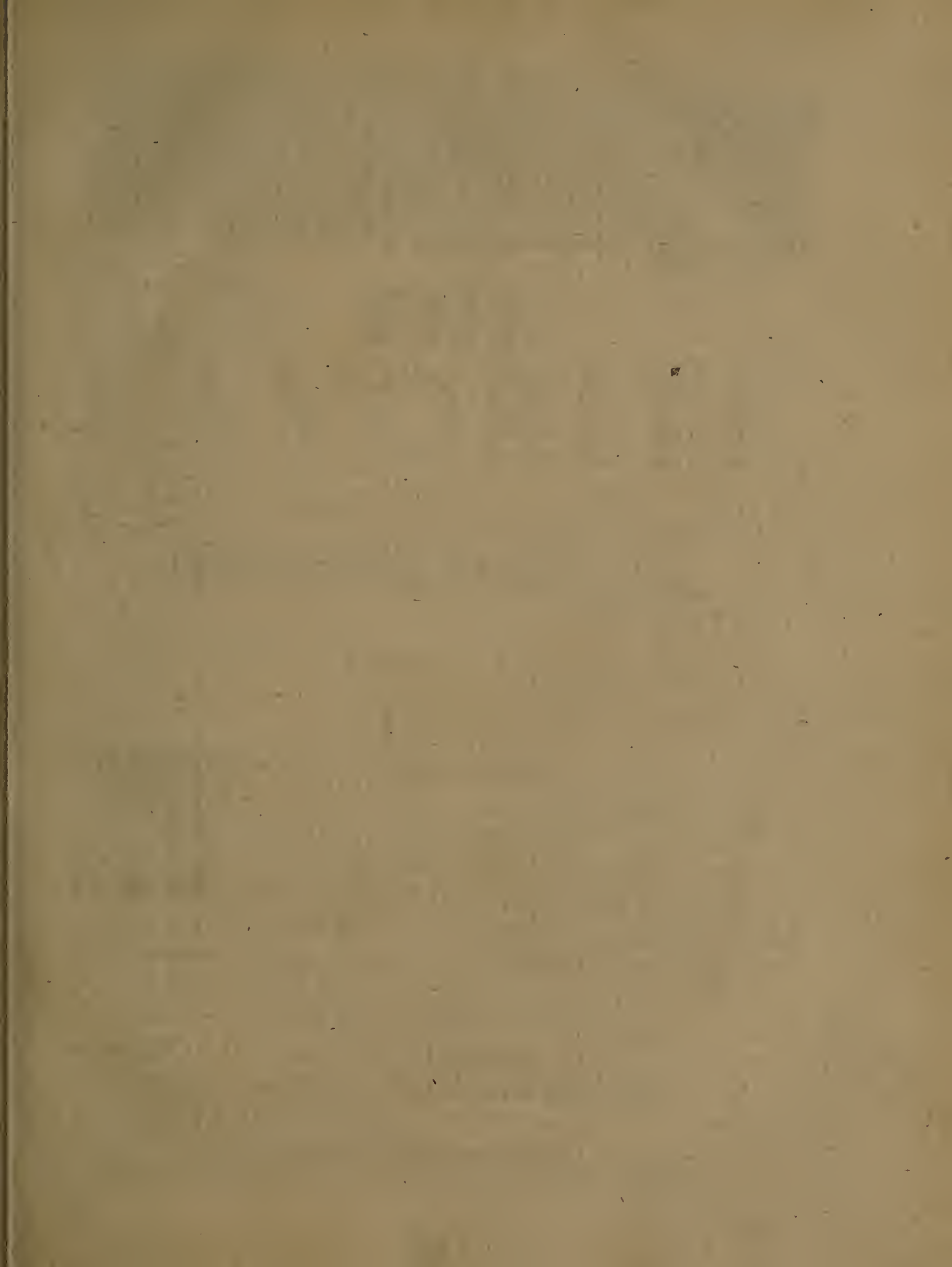


















149.592.  
May, 1873.

# THE FAVORITE.

Actus primus, Scœna prima.

*Enter Mariana and Lysander.*

*Mariana.*



Come, prethee tell me brother, why ar't sad.

*Lys.* From thee my dearest Sister  
I have not hid my neereſt touching ſecrets:  
Thou know'ſt how truly I did loue,  
And how at laſt I gain'd my deare *Clarinda*.

*Mari.* I doe; and wiſh that I could tell you ſuch a ſecret  
of mine owne; for of all men liuing, I thinke you moſt happy.

*Lys.* Moſt miſerable of men.

*Mari.* How can that be! is not *Clarinda* yours?  
In which (were I a man) I ſhould belecue  
More happineſſe conſiſted, then for to be a Monarch.

*Lys.* *Clarinda* yet is mine.

*Mari.* Nothing can take her from you but the graue,  
I hope ſhe is not ſicke.

*Lys.* No.

## The Favorite.

*Lys.* Nothing can take her from me deare *Mariana*,  
But I must giue her.

*Mar.* Why, loue you any one so wel to giue away your heart  
I know shee's dearer to you?

*Lys.* She's so much dearer to me then my heart,  
That I must kill my heart if I doe giue her.

*Mari.* Be plaine sweet brother.

*Lys.* The Duke who is too neere a kin in loue  
And bloud to our dread Soueraigne to be deny'd,  
Dyes for *Clarinda*.

*Mar.* Why, thinke you shee'l proue false?

*Lys.* Shee false! Oh no:

It is I must play the traytor to my selfe  
Vertue doth vndermine my happinesse,  
And blowes it vp. I must release my interest  
In *Clarinda*, that she may marry this loue-sicke Duke,  
And saue his Life.

*Mari.* Why who compels it?

*Lys.* Gratitude compels it;  
For to the Duke I owe my life and fortunes,  
My fortunes when my wicked Vncle would haue  
Wrested from me by false witnessse that state  
Which I am now possesst of; which the Duke finding,  
He imploy'd his power, and so I had my right:  
My life I then receiued: when I was rescued  
By his valour from the dreadfull bore,  
Which I (too young) thrust on by honor, venterd to assayle,  
Yet all these obligations touch me not so neere,  
As doth the danger of the Count *Utrante*,  
(*Clarinda's* Father) who hath beene long a prisoner,  
For the same cause for which my Father fled.

*Mari.* He is now at liberty.

*Lys.* It is true he hath his liberty, and greater honors  
Are propos'd if he can win his Daughter  
To marry with the Duke, then he hath lost:  
But on the other side, if she denye.

And.



## The Favorite:

And it doth wholly lie in me to make her grant,  
Her Fathers head is in danger, the King  
So passionately doth loue the Duke.

*Mari.* How came you by this miserable knowledge.

*Lys.* Sister, you know I often visited  
The Count *Utrante* in the prison, besides  
The wish'd occasions which I euer tooke  
To waite vpon his Daughter thither;  
This he so gratefully accepted,  
That now that he hath liberty,  
He still sends for me, where I chanc'd to be last night,  
And as a friend heard when he did propound it to *Clarinda*.

*Mari.* Then he doth no way suspect there's loue betwixt you;  
But tell me Brother how poore *Clarinda*  
Did receiue her Fathers deadly proposition.

*Lys.* Her Father not belieuing that she would deny  
So great a blessing, came with ioy to tell her,  
That which once told, forc'd teares from her faire eyes,  
At which, he being amazed, desired to know  
The cause, why she receiu'd his and her happinesse  
With so much sorrow: she answer'd him with broken sighes,  
Offering to teare her haire; which when I would not,  
Giue her leaue to doe, she curst her beauty,  
As the cause of all this mischief: at last  
Considering who it was that spoke,  
A Father, that deseru'd an answer:  
Her iudgement shut her passions in a lesse roome;  
For hauing calm'd the tempest of her griefes,  
She mildly answer'd that she was happy  
In his liberty, though now she saw  
It was but giuen him to procure her bondage;  
For such she did account all ties of marriage  
Made by the parents without the childs consent,  
Though nere so rich or hononrable.

*Mari.* And hauing said so, did she not cast her watty eyes  
Vpon you, and in this sad, yet pleasing language,

## The Favorite.

Tell you, that she would not forsake you for the Duke.

*Lys.* It is true, shee did so; there is no tongue  
That can expresse the hearts of those that loue  
Like their owne eyes: but Sister, it will be late  
Before you reach the Forrest, the Princessse: too  
May wonder at your stay.

*Mari.* Brother it's true; but I so seldome see you,  
That I'le not goe, vnlesse you promise to come and see me.

*Lys.* You know the strict command,  
That none but those appointed should come neere the Lodge.

*Mari.* That is but your excuse;  
I haue told you how often the Princessse  
Earnestly hath desir'd to see you; yet you would neuer goe.

*Lys.* Sister, I feare these sad occasions will hinder me;  
But I will write.

*Mari.* Will you not come sixe miles to see a Sister  
That so dearely loues you?

*Lys.* Sister, I know you loue, nor will I be a debter;  
You are both my Friend and Sister. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter King, Vtrante, and Attendants.*

*King.* My Lord *Vtrante*, can you not then  
Perswade your Daughter to receiue a Blessing,  
Which euen the greatest Ladies in this Kingdome  
Would desire on their knees:

*Enter Duke and Followers.*

Is this a Man to be neglected? Though he were not  
A Kinsman to your King: besides, my Lord,  
Remember you may draw vpon your selfe  
Our high displeasure by her refusall.

*Duke.* Great Sir, let not your loue and care of me  
Barfaire *Clarinda* the freedome of her choyce,  
By threatning punishments vnto her Father,  
If she choose not me: for, should she, offended,  
Which she might iustly be, if I should seeme  
To force Loue from her, it were not within your power;

Though



## The Favorite.

Though that you would giue all that you possesse,  
To make me satisfaction for the wrong.

*King.* Yes, I could make you satisfaction,  
Though shee were offended; by forcing her  
Into your armes, to whom the wrong was done.

*Duke.* Her Person Sir you might, but not her Minde;  
Which is indeed the obiect of my Loue,  
That's free from your subiection: for it's free  
From Loue, a greater power by farre.

*Utran.* My Lord, I thinke shee's free from reason too,  
For did that gouerne her, she could not thus neglect  
Her happinelle: or rather she may yet suspect, your Lordship  
Doth not meane what you professe; and from that feare  
Seemes coy, till she be more assured.

*Duke.* I cannot pluck my heart out of my brest  
To shew her (I wish I could) yet liue to doe her seruice:  
There she might see her worth truely ingrauen  
In lasting Characters, not to be razed out  
By the hand of Time; nor (which is more) her scorne.

*King.* Cozen, if you will be rul'd by me,  
I'll make her leape with ioy into your armes.

*Duke.* Sir, so that it be by no way of violence,  
I will obey you.

*King.* In act I'll vse no way of violence;  
Yet I must threaten it.

*Duke.* Sir, if you threaten her, you ruine me;  
Her Sun-bright Eyes, by faithfull seruice,  
May in time shine gently on me, and warme  
My frozen hopes. But on the contrary,  
Shee knowing that I'm the cause of these your threatnings,  
Will from her iust vext soule throw curses on me.  
I would not see thee heauen of her faire face,  
Clouded with any raised by my power, to be a Monarch.

*King.* You know my loue, and you presume vpon it,  
Take your owne way of loue, deliuer vp your selfe  
Vnto her mercy, that I would make at yours,

Would

## The Favorite.

Would you be ruled : go, see your Mistris,  
Tell her you loue her more then euer man did woman ;  
To proue which true, pray her that shee'l command you  
Taskes more dangerous, then did the enuious *Iuno*  
To great *Hercules* : all which you will performe  
With much more ease ; since you by her command  
Shall vndertake 'em whose vertue hath the power  
To arme you 'gainst a world of dangers : doe,  
Make her proud with praises, and then see  
How she will torture you.

*Duke.* Sir, she may torture me, and iustly too,  
For my presumption : since I haue dared  
To tell so much perfections that I loue,  
Not being first made worthy by my suffering  
For her.

*Vtran.* My Lord, if you'l be pleas'd to grace my house  
This day she either shall requite your sufferings,  
Or I will deny her for a child of mine.

*Duke.* My Lord, most willing, I would see faire *Clarinda*,  
But not vpon such conditions ; nothing  
But gentle intreaties must be vs'd : for tho the King  
Were pleas'd to say that my humility  
Would make her proud ; I would not haue a subiect  
Say, not you that are her Father, that she can  
Doe an act or thinke a thought that tends not  
To perfection.

*King.* Come my Lords, we will goe hunt a Stag to day,  
And leaue my Cozen to his amorous thoughts. *Exe. K. Atten.*

*Duke.* I thanke your Maiestie for this dayes licence :  
My Lord *Vtrante*, shall I then see *Clarinda*,  
And will you lend your best assistance  
To make me Master of a happinesse, the world may enuy.

*Vtran.* My Lord, you make an Idol of a pecuish Girl,  
Who hath indeed no worth but what you please  
To gine her in your opinion.

*Duke.* I must not heare you thus blaspheme,



## The Favorite.

You might as well say *Pallas* wanted wisdom,  
*Diana* chastitie, or *Venus* beautie,  
As say she wanted worth, for euery seuerall excellence  
That shin'd in them, and made them  
By mens admirations Goddesse,  
Flow mixt in her; indeed shee hath  
Too much of *Dians* Ice about her heart,  
And none of *Venus* heate: but come my Lord,  
I lose my selfe in her vast praises, and so  
Deferre the ioy of seeing what I so commend. *Exe.*

*Enter Iacomo and Lysander at seuerall doores.*

*Lys.* Good morrow honest *Iacomo*, is my young Ladie readie?

*Iaco.* She is my Lord.

*Lys.* And where's her Father?

*Iaco.* He was this morning early sent for by the King.

*Lys.* Tell your Ladie I would speake with her.

*Iaco.* My Lord I will. *Exit.*

*Lys.* The Count *Utrante* is happie in this honest seruant:  
Let me before I doe perswade *Clarinda*, consider well;  
Surely that houre in which I see her led to the Temple,  
And there made fast with Hymeneall rights vnto another,  
Will be my vtmost limit, and death is terrible;  
Not where there is so glorious a reward propos'd,  
As is her happinesse: shee shall be happie,  
And in her happinesse consisteth mine,  
Haue I not often sworne I lou'd her better  
Then my selfe? and this is onely left to make it good.

*Enter Clarinda and Iacomo.*

*Clar.* Good morrow noble Brother, for by that title  
I am proud to call you, being deny'd a neerer.

*Lys.* It is a title that I am blest in,  
Nor can there be a neerer betwixt vs two,  
Our soules may embrace, but not our bodies.

*Clar.* Let vs goe walke into the Garden, and there  
Wee may freely speake, and thinke vpon some remedy  
Against this disaster. *Exeunt Lys. & Clar.*

## The Favorite.

*Iaco.* What a dull Slaue was I; had not I last night ouerheard their louing parley, I neuer once should haue suspected that they had beene in loue: shee alwaies seem'd an enimie to loue, yet hath been long most desperate in loue with this young Lord, which quite will spoyle my hopes at Court; yet when I better thinke, it will be for my aduantage, as I may handle it and further my reuenge; for I will insinuate my selfe into the Dukes good opinion, by making a discouery of their loues: and then aduise him that there is no way to gaine *Clarinda's* heart, till first *Lysander* be remou'd by some employment; for out of sight with women out of minde; or if hee impatient of delayes; I will aduise him to vse some bloody meanes; which if he want an Instrument to do, I will effect it my selfe, pretending that it is out of loue to him when it is indeed the satisfaction of mine owne reuenge; and when the Duke is once a partner of my villany, I will be richly paid for what I do, or else for all his greatnesse I will affright him.

For though great men for bloody deeds

Giue money to a Knaue;

Yet if hee bee a witty one like mee,

Hee'l make that Lord his Slaue. *Exit.*

*Enter Clarinda and Lysander.*

*Clar.* Come, let vs sit downe, for I am tyr'd

With walking; and then I will tell you

How I am resolu'd to free vs from this torment.

*Lys.* I feare there is no remedy, but we must part.

*Clar.* Yes, if you will giue consent to what I shall propound.

*Lys.* First let me heare it.

*Clar.* My Father, though he haue his liberty,

Is not yet restor'd to his Lands: when next

The Duke doth visit me, which I belecue will

Be to day; He seeme as if I did mistrust his loue

To be but fain'd; he then will striue by some strong

Testimony, to proue hee truly loues:

Then



## The Favorite.

Then will I vrge my Fathers restoration  
To his Lands, which he being once possesst of,  
Will not be hard for me, the world knowing  
How well he loues me, to get some coine and Jewels  
In my power, sufficient to maintaiue vs  
In some other Conuntry, where we like shepheards  
Or some Country folkes may passe our time with ioy:  
And that we may without distrust effect this,  
I to the Duke will promise, that when a moneth  
Is expir'd, if he will come and lead me to the Church,  
I'll e not refuse to goe, doe you approue  
Of this *Lysander*?

*Lys.* No, deare *Clarinda*,  
Though most men hold deceit in loue for lawfull,  
*Lysander* doth not; Ere you for me shall spot  
Your yet pure selfe with such a staine, as to be  
A deceiuer, this sword shall pierce my heart:  
The debt I owe you is too great already,  
And till I cleere some part, I shall vnto my selfe  
Apppeare a most vngratefull man. When first I saw you,  
The height of all my ayemes was onely to haue leaue  
To loue you, so excellent I then esteem'd you:  
But you in time, out of your bounty,  
Not for my desert; for no desert can reach  
Your height of merit, gaue loue for loue,  
For which I owe my life sau'd by that mercy  
From despaire, and lent me for to serue you.

*Clar.* You are too thankfull, and attribute that  
To my bounty, which was the wages of your true  
And faithfull seruice.

*Lys.* Were this granted, yet how euer I shall be able  
To free my selfe from that great burden of debt  
Which your intended flight for my sake  
Will lay vpon me, as yet I cannot see;  
For did at all value your owne happinesse,  
You could not thus flie the meanes

## The Favorite.

That can best make you so.

*Clar. Lysander*, to what tends this great acknowledgement?  
I vnderstand you not, what is your meaning?

*Lys.* My meaning, deare *Clarinda*, is to make you happie,  
And I coniure you by your affection,  
And all that's deare to you, to lay by  
That little portion of wilfulnesse  
Which being a woman you are forc'd to haue,  
And heare me with your best attention,  
And with the same affection, as if I were  
Your Brother, which if the heauens had pleas'd  
To make me, I had beene most happy,  
With your best reason looke vpon your present fortune;  
Looke first vpon the man from whence you had your being,  
And see in reason what pittie it will challenge from you;  
A noble ancient Gentleman, depriu'd of Lands  
And honors, by iniustice, that as a stranger  
Might exact your pittie; but as a Child,  
It being within your power, it forceth your consent  
To giue a remedy: If pity of your Fathers fortune  
Cannot moue you, pittie your owne I beseech you,  
Consider not of me as a tormented Louer,  
That hath lost his Mistris, but as a fortunate Brother,  
Fortunate in seeing of his Sister, whom he dearly loues  
Married to one so worthy, whose merits  
Compels fortune to waite vpon him, for such the Duke is,  
Whom you must not refuse, for such a poore  
Vnworthy man as I am.

*Clar. Lysander*, should I grant your want of worth,  
I then must giue consent to the committing  
Of a Sacriledge against the Gods, in suffering you  
To rob your selfe, you being the purest Temple,  
That yet they euer built for to be honour'd in:  
And for the Duke each worth which you expresse of him to me,  
Is but a doubling of your owne,  
The way to speake for him, were to appeare

Your



## The Favorite.

Your selfe lesse, worthy, in this your worths increase!

*Lys.* Would you but looke with an impartiall eye,  
On our deservings; you soone would find me  
The lesse worthy; for euen in that, wherein  
You thinke me not to be equal'd, he goes  
Farre beyond me, (I meane in true affection)  
For being but a priuate man as I am,  
Who would not thinke him blest to loue, and be belou'd  
By you that are esteem'd the wonder of this Age:  
But for the Duke, within whose power it lies  
To choose the most transplendent Beauty of this Kingdome,  
Set off with Fortunes best endowments; for him, I say,  
To choose out you amongst a world of Ladies,  
To make the sole Commandresse of him selfe,  
Deserues (if you would giue your reason leaue to rule)  
The nearest place in your affection.

*Clar.* Doe not thus vainly striue to alter my opinion,  
Of your worth with words, which was so firmly grounded  
By your reall actions; it is a fault, but I will striue  
To wash it from you with my teares.

*Lys.* These teares in her stagger my resolution;  
For ture he must be worthiest for whom she weepes:

*Clarinda,* drie your eyes.

*Enter Iasper.*

*Clar.* How now *Iasper*, where is my Father?

*Ias.* Madame, he doth desire that you will make you ready,  
To come to Supper to the Dukes to night.

*Clar.* He was resolu'd to haue sup'd heere,  
How hath he chang'd his mind!

*Ias.* Madame he desires you not to fayle,  
But come and bring my Lord here with you.

*Clar.* Well, I will obey him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Seruants.*

1. Come, prethee be carefull, we shall gaine  
More vpon my Lords good opinion,  
If we please him this day, then hereafter

## The Favorite.

In the whole seruice of our liues.

2. Why prethee?

1. Here will this day be his faire Mistris *Clarinda*  
And her Father,

2. I thought it was some extraordinary occasion,  
He was himselfe so carefull; will there be none else?  
Will not the King be here? the entertainment  
Would be worthy of him.

1. It may be braue *Lysander* will be here, none else;  
For he is alwayes with the Count *Utrante*.

2. When came he home from trauaile?  
I did not see him since hee lay here in my Lords house  
To be cured of the wounds the bore gaue him.  
He owes my Lord for sauing of his life then,  
I helpt to bring him out of the field.

1. My Lord was happy in sauing of so braue a Gentleman.

*Enter Lysander, Utrante, and Clarinda.*

*Lys.* Can I loue *Clarinda*, yet goe about  
To hinder her of being Mistris of all this riches;  
Each roome we passe through is a Paradise,  
The Musicke like the Musicke of the Spheares,  
Rauishing the hearers with content and admiration;  
But that which addes vnto all the rest,  
Is the Dukes true affection; I am asham'd  
When I consider of my indiscretion  
That would haue brought her to the counterpoynt  
Of this great happinesse.

*Enter Duke and Followers.*

*Duke.* Noble *Lysander*, welcome; Excellent Lady,  
All the honors that my great and royall Master  
Hath bestow'd vpon me, equals not this,  
That you haue done, in gracing at my request  
This now most glorious house, since it containes within it  
The glory of the world.

*Clar.* My Lord, your praises flie too hie a pitch to light on.

*Duke.*



## The Favorite.

*Duke.* They must doe so, or they'll fall short  
Of your great worth.

*Clar.* A reasonable pitch would sooner strike  
Me with believe.

*Duke.* To giue you a firme beleefe of the respect  
I beare you, is that I onely ayme at.

*Clar.* My Lord, it lyeth in your choyce whether I shall  
Belieue you or no; for if you will speake  
Only that which in reason is likely to be true,  
I am no Infidell, I shall beleuee.

*Duke.* You are so farre from being an Infidel  
That you are a Saint, at whose blest shrine  
I offer vp my life, and Fortunes  
With a truer deuotion then euer Louer did.

*Clar.* I see I must allow you the Louers Phrases,  
Which is to call their Mistris St. and their affection  
Deuotion: but to let your Phrases passe,  
And answer the meaning of your protestation,  
How can I believe that you can loue me  
Better then any man did euer loue his Mistris,  
There being such an inequality in our present fortunes,  
When equalitie doth giue birth to more affection,  
And those more violent, there being no respect  
To be a hindrance, I meane both the equalities  
Of Birth and Fortunes, in both which we farre differ,  
You being the next a kin vnto the King,  
And I the Daughter to a condem'd man,  
Though now for your owne ends at liberty.

*Duke.* If it be lawfull for your deuoted seruant  
To contradict you in any thing, it is  
In the defence of his affection:  
You know that Riuers being stopt by any impediment,  
As rocks, or bridges, run the more fierce  
When they are from that which did incomber them;  
So might I say for my affection,  
If I should acknowledge, which yet I will not,

## The Favorite.

That the consideration of my Greatnesse  
Was for a while an Impediment to the current  
Of my Loue; but alas, those considerations  
Could neuer finde harbor in that heart  
Where loue and admiration had already  
Taken vp their lodgng; nor doe they in my opinion  
Deserue to be happy, who mixe the consideration  
Of the good of fortune, with their affections.

*Clar.* My Lord, in this last I doe vnfaignedly belieue you,  
I meane in your opinion, which is, that true loue  
Cannot be mixt with respects, and to shew now  
How well I belieue you, I will make it my shield  
Both to defend me against your worthy affection.  
(I confesse if your thoughts and words agree )  
And against my Fathers vniust commands;  
For since you confesse, that to mixe loue with respects  
Spoyles the pritic of it, and that they  
Who so mixe it, deserue not to be happy;  
It must needs be great iniustice in you  
And my Father to desire me to loue you  
Vnworthily; since I cannot, loue you  
Without mixing the consideration  
Of the benefits my Father shall receiue  
By my Marriage with your Grace, besides  
The satisfaction of me owne ambition  
In being a Dutchesse, may make any streame  
Of affection which can proceed from me,  
Vnfit to mixe with so pure a streame  
As you professe yours is.

*Duke.* Madame I cannot denie what you affirme,  
Since you ground your argument vpon my confest  
Opinion; but know deare Lady, that as you manifest  
In this your cruell answer, your disdain of me,  
Which will incense my despaire; yet on the  
Other side the excellence of your wit  
Will increase my desire; for euen out of that

Which



## The Favorite.

Which I brought as an argument to moue you  
The more to loue, you conclude that you are  
To neglect, and with a seeming Iustice,  
Which shews that your wit can bring - ny thing  
To passe, that your will shall employ it in.

*Clar.* I should account my selfe happie, were I  
So furnished: but my Lord, I must not look  
Vpon my selfe in the flattering glasse,  
Of your praises; for I hate flattery though a woman;  
And as I am my selfe armd' against flatterie,  
So would I haue you be; therefore I tell you  
That I can neuer be yours, to arme you against  
The flatterie of hope; yet I must tell you  
That your deserts, if it were possible  
For me to loue, might sooner doe it then any other,  
But as I am a votresse to *Diana*, in whose Temple  
I doe shortly meane to dwell, I am free  
From any fire that can bee kindled  
By desert in Man.

*Duke.* Tho your intention in this cruell answer  
May bee charitable, as intending  
To allay my heat, by manifesting your boldnesse,  
Yet it hath wrought deadly Effects; for it  
Forceth me tell you, that I must disobey you:  
For rather then I and the rest of the world  
Will lose so great a blessing, there shall not  
Be a Temple left standing, that is sacred  
To *Diana* within this Kingdome, when this is done,  
To make your crueltie admir'd. Ile build  
An Alter to selfe-lone; it is that power you obey,  
And not *Diana's*; on which some friend shall lay  
My bleeding heart, which now in thought,  
And then in act, shall be a reall Sacrifice:  
Smile not, nor thinke this iest;  
For by that *Dian* whom you seeme to worship  
Being your selfe a greater Deitie,  
When you doe cruelly performe what  
You haue rashly said, this heart

## The Favorite.

Which now scales what my tongue hath spoke,  
Shall make the couenant perfect.

*Clar.* I see this is no way my Lord,  
This rash oath you haue made, may cost you deare.

*Duke.* In that consider the greatnesse of my loue.

*Clar.* The greatnesse of your folly rather,  
That thinke by threatning punishments to your selfe,  
To make me pittie you, when since I doe not loue you,  
I am not toucht with any feeling of your griefes.

*Duke.* If not for mine, yet for your Goddesse sake,  
Giue ouer your ill grounded resolution.

*Enter Bernardo.*

*Ber.* My Lord the King is newly lighted at the garden gate,  
And in all hast calls for you.

*Duke.* Madame the King, to whom my person is a subiect,  
Commands my presence, and I must obey him:  
But my heart which I haue made you Soueraigne of  
Shall stay to wait on you; my returne must needs  
Be speedy, since I leaue my heart at the mercy  
Of you my cruell enemy.

*Clar.* My Lord I shall so martyr it before I come agen,  
That you will repent you.

*Duke.* You cannot giue it deeper wounds  
Then you haue done already, and in that  
Confidence Ile leaue you.

*Ber.* Madame, will it please you walke into the gallery,  
There are some pictures will be worth your seeing. *Exeunt.*

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## Actus secundus, Scaena prima.

*Enter King, Attendants, Iacomo, Duke and Followers meeting.*

*King.* Will none go call the Duke? Welcome deare Cozen;  
You lost a braue chafe to day, but you had other game  
A foete: what sayes your cruell Mistris will she loue you?

*Duke.* I hope she will Sir, she doth heare me speake.

*King.* How



## The Favorite.

*King.* How heere you speake?

*Duke.* Of loue I meane Sir.

*King.* Fye, passionate man.

*Duke.* Why Sir, doe you not thinke him happie  
Whom she will vouchsafe to heare?

*King.* You know my loue hath made you what you are  
Out of an opinion that you deserud it;  
Not for that you were my Kinsman. I neuer yet deny'd  
What you would aske, relying on your iudgement  
And your vertue. Should you haue ask'd my Sister,  
For your Wife, I sooner should haue giuen consent  
And taxt your iudgement lesse, then I doe now  
For doting on this Lady. Call backe for shame then  
That iudgement which had wont to gouerne all  
Your actions, and make me once more proud  
That I haue such a Kinsman, whose iudgement  
Can controule his strongest passions, euen loue it selfe,  
When it is preiudiciall to his honor.

*Duke.* Sir, You haue alwayes beene a Father to me,  
And studyed that which hath beene for my good,  
Better then I could thinke. I know your Maiesties  
Intent in this, is to perswade me from that  
Which you belieue is preiudiciall to me:  
But since without her loue gain'd the faire way  
Of seruice, not by threatnings I can take ioy,  
In nothing this world can afford me;  
Pardon me gir, if I desire you to spare  
Your Counsell, since I am capable of none,  
Except you perswade me to loue more.

*King.* Well Sir, I will leaue you to your amorous passions,  
See me no more till I send for you. *Exeunt King, Atten.*

*Duke.* The King is mou'd;  
Should he take from me all that he hath giu'n me,  
Yet it were a happinesse, if for her sake I lost it.

*Iaco.* My noble Lord.

*Duke.* Friend, what is your suit to me?

## The Favorite.

If it be reasonable, it shall not bee deny'd  
For your young Ladies sake.

*Iaco.* My Lord, the businesse I haue to deliuer,  
Concernes your Grace.

*Duke.* How! me; what is it? speake.

*Iaco.* My Lord, it is a secret, and doth concerne *Clarinda*,  
And therefore send your people off,  
That with more freedome I may speake with you.

*Duke.* Waite me without, now speake. *Exeunt Seruants.*

*Iaco.* What thinks your Lordship is the cause  
That moues *Clarinda* to neglect your Loue?

*Du.* The knowledge of her own worth and my vnworthines,  
Which defect I hope in time my faithfull seruice  
Shall make good, and she will loue me.

*Iaco.* Neuer, my Lord.

*Duke.* Why, is her vow of Chastity already past?

*Iaco.* Shee vow Chastitie!

*Duke.* Why villaine dost thou smile at that,  
Think'st thou *Diana's* selfe is Chaster?

*Iaco.* Great Sir, mistake me not. I smile to thinke  
How she deceiues your Grace, telling you  
She neuer meanes to marrie, when I dare  
Pawne my life she is already contracted.

*Duke.* Traitor to my best hopes;  
Thou hast kindled in my brest a ieaious fire  
That will consume me; fiends take thee for thy newes;  
Would thou hadst beene borne dumbe: betrothd; it cannot be:  
Who durst presume, knowing I lou'd her once,  
To thinke of Loue, much lesse to name it to her?

*Iacom.* My Lord, if you will with patience heare me,  
I will tell you whom.

*Duke.* Speake quickly, giue me that ease.  
For I vow the earth shall not long beare vs both.

*Iacom.* I will not tell you, vnlesse you will promise  
To follow my aduice, which if you will,  
I will shew you a cleare way to your desires.

*Duke.*



## The Favorite.

*Duke.* What, do you riddle me, is she contracted,  
And can I by your counsell attaine my wishes?  
No, the House of Fate, though they should all  
Take Counsell, cannot backe restore the happinesse  
Th'ast rob'd me of in saying shee's contracted.

*Iaco.* My Lord, do not thus wast your selfe  
In fruitlesse passion, but heare the remedy  
That Ile propound.

*Du.* First let me know which of the Gods it is,  
That in a mortall shape hath gain'd her loue,  
That thou suspect'st she is contracted,  
Or else some King, that in disguise hath left  
His Kingdome, to obtaine her Loue  
Who is worth many Kingdomes.  
Name not a meaner Riual, if thou dost  
Expect I should belieue.

*Iaco.* My Lord, it is a man, to whom  
Your valorous hand gaue life.

*Du.* Curst be my hand then for that vukinde office,  
Against my heart; name him.

*Iaco.* It is the young Lord *Lysander*.

*Du.* Take that ignorant foole, *Lysander!* *Strikes him.*

*Iaco.* How! strucke: is this my hop't reward?  
By all that's good, Ile be reueng'd.

*Duke.* I was too rash,  
She is a Woman, and may dissemble, *Lysander* to  
Is noble courteous valiant, handsome;  
But yet compar'd with me his fortunes nothing.  
Alas, that cannot barr loue, out of a noble breaft,  
Such as *Clarinda's* is: what wayes my Birth  
Or greatnesse with the King, in her consideration?  
*Lysander's* equall fortunes, and her owne,  
In that their Fathers suffer for one cause,  
His banisht, hers a prisoner (till I releast him)  
Hath I feare, begot a mutuall loue betwixt them.  
Friend, prethee pardon me, I was too rash,

## The Favorite.

He heale thy hurt with gold.

*Iaco.* My Lord, I am a Gentleman,  
And were you not a Kinsman to the King,  
The blow you gaue me might haue cost you deare.

*Duke.* He healethy reputation, and thy head  
With store of crownes; here: but prethee tell me,  
What mou'd thee to discouer this to me?  
Or how camst thou thy selfe to know of it?  
I thinke her Father doth not.

*Iaco.* I thinke he doth not, it is long since,  
Since I suspected it; and to assure my selfe,  
The other night I crept behind the Arbour,  
Where they vie to meet somtimes, and soon by their  
Discourse, I found what I suspected, to be most true:  
My loue vnto your Grace made me so curious;  
For I protest there is no man aliue,  
That's more ambitious to do your Lordship seruice;  
It grieu'd my soule to see a man that so deseru'd,  
So much neglected and abus'd. Some of this is true.

*Duke.* If thou wilt make thy fortune,  
Bring me where vnto scene, I may ouerheare them.

*Iaco.* So your Grace will not discouer your selfe,  
He promise you once within three nights.

*Duke.* By mine honour I will not, performe  
Thy promise, and I will make thee happie.

*Iaco.* Be sure you shew not  
At your returne to them the least distemper.

*Duke.* Feare not that. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clarinda, Vtrante, Lysander, Bernardo.*

*Clar.* Sir, you haue shew'd vs many Pictures;  
But aboue all the rest, I like that of your Lords.

*Ber.* Madame, I know my Lord would thinke him happie  
Would you accept the picture; but much happier  
If you would take the substance.

*Clar.* It may be Sir I will.

*Vtran.* Daughter, I charge you on my blessing,



## The Favorite.

When the Duke returns to use him with respect.

*Clar.* Father, I see you haue no skill, you doe not know  
The craft we women vse to make men loue the more;  
The smallest fauour I shall shew him after this harsh vsage,  
Will make him thinke himsele in heauen.

*Utran.* Before you part, when he comes backe,  
I pray you vrge my restoration,  
But first promise to marry him.

*Clar.* Leaue that to my Discretion

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* Gentle Lady, I craue your pardon for my stay,  
Which was drawne out beyond my expectation.

*Lys.* Me thinkes my Lord looks soure vpon me.

*Clar.* My Lord, indeed I wondred how you stayd so long,  
Or rather how you liu'd your heart and you being parted;  
For that you left behind you when you went.

*Duke.* Madame, I doe confesse it is a miracle  
Proceeding from your beauty, that I could liue  
So long wanting a heart; but trust me,  
If my faithfull seruice cannot procure me yours,  
But that you needs will send my owne againe,  
The Miracle will then be alterd quite;  
For now the Miracle consisteth in that I liue  
And yet you haue my heart; and then it will  
Be a Miracle indeed if I doe liue after  
Your scorne shall giue it backe againe.

*Clar.* My Lord, I see it was not bounty  
But hope of gaine made you giue me your heart;  
For you expect that I should giue you mine  
By way of recompence, which yet I cannot doe:  
But that I may be sure they are true Miracles  
That you are pleas'd to say my Beauty worketh;  
For there are many false ones here in Loues Religion;  
Ile take a Moneth for tryall of the truth,  
All which time my charity compels me to keepe your heart;  
For should I send it backe, you say it would kill you;

## The Favorite.

Or worke another Miracle, which I desire not,  
In that time I shall be acquainted with your heart,  
If then it doth appeare the same it now doth,  
Clad in the same pure zeale that now it weares,  
Ile make a change, and giue you mine for it ;  
For when a Moneth is once past, come you  
And lead me to the Church, Ile not refuse to goe.

*Du.* Slaue that I was to trust that villaine *Iacomo*,  
That told me she lou'd *Lysander*. Deare Lady  
You haue in this comfortable answer  
Reuiu'd a dying man, this mercy at the blocke,  
Shewes you to be diuine, and so an obiekt  
Fit for my affection, which hath beene still  
Aboue my reason: but would you in the meantime  
Command me somthing, where my faithfull seruice  
Might appeare, more then in words, I then should be  
Most happie.

*Enter Seruants with a Banquet and stooles.*

*Clar.* This offer I expected;  
My Lord, you know the iniuries my Father  
Hath receiu'd: if you will see him righted,  
His Lands and Honors backe to him restor'd,  
Which is but Iustice for a bribe, for euen iust causes  
Now haue need of bribery: Ile giue you thankes,  
And trust me that is more then great men  
Should expect for doing iustice.

*Duke.* Rather if it please you,  
Let it be somthing, wherein I shall haue no other tie  
Vpon me but only your command, my honor  
Ties me to see this perform'd.

*Clar.* This once perform'd,  
Since you so much desire it, I will studie  
Some Command, that may adde honor to you  
In the faire performance.

*Utran.* Come my Lord, we will draw neare,  
I see their parley's at an end.

*Duke.*



## The Favorite.

*Duke.* Come sit faire Lady.

My Lord, what sayes my Daughter?  
Will shee yet yeeld to his owne happinesse.

*Du.* I hope she wil at last make me a fitter marke  
For Enuy, in that I am belou'd of her,  
Then for my present greatnesse.

*Lys.* My Lord, there is no cause of Enuy for either,  
The greatnesse of your honors being but the Iust  
Reward of your vncqual'd merit: and for *Clarinda*,  
Tho her worth be great as you can wish it;  
Yet you doe well deserue her, both for your worthy Loue,  
And for the many fauors you haue done her Father.

*Utran.* My Lord, belieue me, he hath spoke my thoughts.

*Duke.* Now when the King sent for me, I had preuented  
Your Daughter in a command that she layd vpon me  
Concerning your restoring to your Landes,  
But that the King was angry at something that I said.

*Lys.* I thought it had beene Impossible,  
He could haue beene offended with your Grace.

*Duke.* 'Tis true, at other times he could not,  
But the Lords told me that his Sister  
Faire *Cleonarda*, had receiud a hurt,  
By rescuing of the hounds from the Stags fury,  
When he stood at bay, and that made him it may be  
So apt for to be angry.

*Lys.* Why did they suffer her so to endanger her selfe?

*Du.* My Lord, she apprehends not danger,  
Which you'l confesse your selfe, when you haue heard  
Me tell, what I haue seene her doe.

*Lys.* This act to me my Lord, is a sufficient testimony  
That she doth not feare; for by the lawes of hunting  
It is not to any man thought a disparagement,  
To giue way to a Stagge, his head being hard.

*Du.* She is a Lady of that noble Spirit,  
That she wants nothing but the person of a Man  
To be one, her heart being equall

## The Favorite.

To the most valiant, with these eyes I saw her,  
(The King her brother being in the Forrest)  
Breake from the company, and pursue a wolfe,  
Which the hounds following of a Stagge,  
Did bring out of a thicket, and being well horst,  
She ply'd him with so many wounding shafts,  
That he at length was forc'd to stay his course,  
And seing there was no way to scape by flight,  
He turnd', for to reuenge the wounds he had  
Receiu'd, in which he shew'd himselfe a beast indeed  
And led by bruitish fury; for had he beene  
Indew'd with reason, hee'd haue tan'd the wounds  
She gaue for fauors, and kist the instrument,  
That honour'd him with death from her faire hand.

*Lys.* My Lord, 'tis strange a woman should do this.

*Duke.* I was the near'st; but ere I could come in  
She had cut off his head, the seruice  
That I could doe her, was to carry to the King  
Her brother, that Trophée of her Victory,  
Whilst she followed the hownds, and so fled  
From the hearing of her owne iust praises,  
Which all with admiration did bestow vpon her.

*Utran.* But that your Grace doth tell it,  
I should not thinke a woman could doe this.

*Clar.* My Lord, did I loue you so well as to be iealous,  
These praises of the Princesse, were apt food  
For it to feed on.

*Duke* Madame, I honour her as the beloued Sister  
Of my Soueraigne; but adore you as my Goddesse,  
At whose blest shrine, I offer vp my life, and fortunes.

*Clar.* My Lord, I should accompt it as the most acceptable  
Seruice that you could doe, to bring me to kisse the hands  
Of this much to be admir'd Lady.

*Duke.* Madame, once euery weck She comes to see the King,  
And the King euery time he hunts, failes not  
To see her, when next she comes to the Court,



## The Favorite.

I will wait vpon you to her.

*Clar.* What is the reason  
She liues not with her brother at the Court,  
Since he so dearly loues her as they say?

*Du.* It's certainc no Brother loues a Sister better,  
For there's no Brother hath a Sister so worthy,  
You hauing neuer a Brother.

*Clar.* My Lord, 'tis late ;  
And though heretofore the company of a Father  
Were a sufficient buckler to beare off slanders darts;  
Yet now world is changed, growne so vicious,  
That Fathers are become the likeliest Instruments  
Of sin, and women are not to satisfie themselves  
Alone, with being good ; but they must giue the world  
A firme beliefe of all their actions,  
That they are so ; there may be some seing me here  
Thus late, that will not sticke to say, my honour  
Is the bribe paid for my Fathers restoration.

*Du.* Though there were found one enuious woman foolish  
And wicked to report it ; (for both these she must be)  
There could not sure be found another Fiend  
Of the same stampe, that would belieue it ;  
I dare not though I wish it bid you stay longer :  
I will wait vpon you to your Coach.

*Clar.* My Lord, it shall not need.

*Utran.* My Lord, I hope it will not be long  
Before this ceremony of parting will be quite lost,  
And that you will not be so farre asunder.

*Duke.* In hope of that blest houre I liue.

*Clar.* Doe not too strongly apprehend your happinelle,  
A month's a long time, all things are vncertaine,  
Especially the promises of women. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Iacomo.*

*Iaco.* Fortune, I see thou art a friend to working spirits,  
Thou wouldst not else haue giuen me this occasion  
So soone to compasse my ends by ; I ouer-heard *Clarinda,*

E

When



## The Favorite.

When she intreated *Lysander* to meete her in the  
Accustom'd place, and thither will I bring the Duke.  
He from *Clarinda's* promise of Marriage,  
Is now growne something doubtfull, whether that  
Which I did tell him be true or no; but now his owne care  
Shall be his witnesse; for which seruice he cannot choose  
But both loue an reward me.  
But I lose precious time, which wise men euer  
Consider of, but fooles seldome or neuer. *Exit.*

*Enter Clarinda, and Lysander, (as in an Arbour)  
in the night.*

*Lys.* Had you not sent me word, I had not come to night,  
It is so darke.

*Clar.* It is darke indeed, the fitter for one orecharged  
With griefe in heart as I am.

*Lys.* Why deare *Clarinda*, are you not resolu'd  
To marry with the Duke?

*Clar.* I see *Lysander* you doe not loue me now,  
Nor wish my happinesse, you would not else  
Perswade me from louing you, wherein it only  
Can consist.

*Lys.* Will you still for the ayery name of Constant,  
Rob your selfe of a substantiall happinesse,  
Besides, thinke what duty bids you, doe it  
In respect of your Father; if he should marry  
He must needs fall into the Kings displeasure,  
He being his Kinsman, so what happinesse  
Could you inioy? Will you be rul'd by me,  
And Ile shew you a direct way to happinesse;  
Doe you loue me as you professe?

*Enter Duke and Iacomo.*

*Clar.* You know I loue you more  
Then I haue words to vtter.

*Lys.* Yet you would neuer giue consent to marry me  
Though it were still my Suite, alleadging

That

## The Favorite.

That our fortunes were too meane, and had we  
Without Marriage inioy'd the sweets of loue,  
It had beene dangerous vnto your honour,  
Should you haue prou'd with child; but will be now  
Secure in that respect, if you marry with the Duke;  
And for our difficulty in meeting,  
'Twill adde to our delights; now euery time  
That we shall meete in secret, will farre passe  
A wedding-night in ioy, stolne pleasures giue  
An appetite, secure delights but cloy.

*Duke.* O my vext soule!

Must I then heare a villaine speake thus to her  
I loue, and not reuenge it presently?

*Iaco.* My Lord, remember your Oath.

*Clar.* *Lysander*, why d'ye stare so and look pale?  
Your hayre stands vp an end, as if your sense  
Began to faile you, sure you are false mad,  
Nay, I doe hope you are so; for if you be not,  
I am more miserable then if you were:  
For, can *Lysander* be himselfe, and speake thus  
To his *Clarinda*? No, he cannot: either *Lysander*  
Is chang'd from what he was; or else he neuer  
Was what I esteemd him, either of which  
Makes me most miserable.

*Lys.* You would seeme to thinke me mad, when indeed  
Your selfe are so, you would not else thus weepe  
When I aduise you to that which will be most to our content.

*Clar.* Pardon me *Lysander*, that I haue seemed  
For to beleue; for sure I did no more,  
That which you haue spoke proceeded from your heart.

*Lys.* Why doe you thinke that I dissembled in what I said.

*Clar.* Yes, *Lysander*; I know you did dissemble;  
For if you did not, you were a loathed villaine.

*Lys.* I doe confesse if I were that *Lysander*  
Which I haue seem'd to be; it were impossible  
For me to thinke what I haue spoke; but know



## The Favorite.

*Clarinda*, Though hitherto I haue seemed  
To carry in my brest a flame so pure,  
That neuer yet a sparke of Lust appear'd,  
It hath beene a dissembled shew of modestie,  
Only to cozen you, and if *Clarinda*,  
The requitall of my affection be that which  
Hinders you from these great honors, be not deceiu'd,  
For you shall haue more power then to requite it,  
When you are greater : we are now equall ;  
But when you are a Dutchesse, then t' enjoy you  
Will be a double pleasure, then you shall haue  
Occasion to expresse your loue in my aduancement.

*Duke*. Ile kill him instantly.

*Iaco*. Your oath my Lord.

*Duke*. The merit of the act being so iust,  
Will expiate the sinne of periurie.

*Iaco*. My Lord,

*Duke*. What, shall I heare her whom I haue ador'd  
Almost with as much zeale as I haue offer'd vp  
My prayers to the Gods, tempted to acts of Lust  
And not reuenge it?

*Iaco*. My Lord, heare me but speake, and then doe what you  
will : if you should thus in the night, and in the house of the  
Count *Utrante* kill Lord *Lysander*, your honour *Clarinda's*,  
and her Fathers would be tainted, and so breed strange combu-  
stions : but if you be resolu'd that he must die, which in my  
iudgement is most necessary, if you still loue *Clarinda*, I will  
vndertake for to dispatch him by some meanes or other ; but  
should you now here in *Clarinda's* presence kill him she loues,  
her mind is so noble she would neuer indure you.

*Duke*. This is a villaine, an incarnate Diuell ;  
Yet will I follow some part of his counsell :  
Lead me the way backe vnseene. Ile stay no longer ;  
For if I heare him speake againe in that base Key,  
I shall doe that which I hereafter may repent.

No. Ile take the noblest way to my reuengement. Exit.



## *The Favorite.*

*Lys.* *Clarinda*, you haue long beene silent,  
What is it you consider of? if it bee my words,  
You must needs find them full of reason.

*Clar.* He seeme as base as he would haue me,  
And so find out whether he speaks this from  
His heart or no.

*Clar.* I must confesse that this which you haue spoken  
Stands with good reason; and reason is the rule  
By which we ought to square our actions:  
Dare I belieue that you would counsell me  
To any thing, but that which will be most  
For my content, and for the Duke, will it not be  
Farre lesse to his content, not to enioy at all  
Me whom he loues, then if he should possesse me,  
And yet you haue a share with him in my embracings:  
For what is that husband worse, whose wife abuses him,  
If she haue but the wit to keepe it from his kuowledge.

*Lys.* It is true the Duke is so noble, and doth withall  
So truly loue you, that it will quite banish  
All base distrust, so that we might with all security  
Inioy our loues.

*Clar.* Leauē, leauē.

*Lys.* Or if he should find out our craft,  
How soone might we dispatch him by poyson?  
There haue beene such things done.

*Clar.* You doe ouer-aēt your part,  
I see the end you ayme at, your vertue shewes it selfe:  
Quite through that maske of vice, which loue to me  
And to my Father made you put on; you thought  
If you could haue giuen me a beliefe  
Of your vnworthines, that then I would haue giuen  
Consent to haue married with the Duke:  
Leauē your dissembling then, since y'are discouerd,  
Lest you offend the Gods; I only seem'd  
To giue applause to what you said, to finde  
Your craft.

## The Favorite.

*Lys.* I see my heart lies open to you,  
You haue spoken my very thoughts, indeed  
This was my end.

*Clar.* *Lysander*, I perceiue that your affection  
Is altogether gouern'd by your reason,  
For which if it be possible, I loue you more,  
Because it well becomes a man to doe so:  
But I should hate my selfe, if I should loue  
According to your rule, which I will manifest;  
For here I take the heauens to witness,  
That if within three dayes you do not marry me,  
Ile kill my selfe, speake quickly; for if you do not  
Loue me, it is a greater mercy to tell me so,  
(That I may dye) then to perswade me  
To loue another, that being impossible,  
But death is easie.

*Lys.* *Clarinda*, you haue ouercome by this rash oath  
My resolution: for I perceiue the fates  
Had fore-ordain'd we should enioy each other,  
After such reall testimonies, to make our loue the firmer.  
I doe with ioy embrace what you compell  
Me to by your rash oath; and if your Father  
Wilfully will stay, and not flye with vs,  
Rather then I will euer draw teares  
From those bright eyes.  
I so dearly loue, wee'l leaue him to the danger. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Duke with two Letters.*

*Duke.* Shall I stil loue one that neglects my faithfull seruice?  
Alacke I cannot helpe it now, I yeided vp  
My heart at the first summons, her faire eyes made,  
Me thought it was a kind of treason, once  
To doubt that she was not the soueraigne of all hearts;  
Thus she that came to Court, to beg her Fathers liberty,  
Had not that granted only, but that I who beg'd  
It for her, became my selfe her prisoner,  
And neuer man was prouder of his bondage

Then



## The Favorite.

Then I was: what though she loue a villaine  
Whose intemperate lust, and base dissembling,  
Kather deserues her hate; yet shee is faire  
And vertuous still; it is my part to let her  
See her error, tho with the danger of my life,  
If I suruiue the combat, and that she know  
For what respect I fought, she cannot choose  
But loue me, and if the heauens haue so ordained,  
That I must fall vnder *Lysanders* sword,  
Yet I haue written that, which shall giue a better  
Testimony that I did loue her more then he.  
Who waits there?

*Enter Francisco and Bernardo.*

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Duke.* I meane to ride abroad this morning,  
And if I come not backe at night, carry this letter  
To the King; *Bernardo*, carry this presently  
Vnto the young Lord *Lysander*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Iacomo.*

*Iaco.* My plots are dashed, the Duke doth turne his eyes vpon  
me as though he would looke me dead, I shall gaine hate on all  
sides, if I bee not wary and cunningly dissemble; reuenge and  
profit are the ends I ayme at; since I haue mist the one, Ile make  
the other sure. *Lysander*, I doe hate thee for comming into the  
world to rob me of my land; yet I doe thinke thou art not onely  
false; my Brother did tricks, which when I would haue proued  
in open Court, the Dukes power boulstred vp against me; but I  
doe hope I shall bee now reueng'd vpon them both. Ile poyson  
the Duke my selfe, and to the King accuse *Lysander*, as if he had  
done it, fearing that the Duke should rob him of his Mistris: I  
haue a seruant shall sweare what I would haue him, I keepe  
him for the purpose; since the Duke would not giue me leave  
to vse my drugges for him, he shall himselfe taste of them; lest  
for that kindnesse I offer'd him, I should my selfe bee punish'd:  
Hee that to honor looks is not for my blacke ends,  
Reuenge & profit Ile pursue through blood of foes and friends.

*Enter*



# The Favorite.

*Enter Lysander and Bernardo.*

*Lys.* Where is the Duke Sir?

*Ber.* He is this morning ridden forth,  
Whither I doe not know.

*Lys.* Your Letter Sir, do's not require an answer,  
It will not be long before I see his Grace my selfe.

*Ber.* Good morrow to your Lordship.

*Lys.* Good morrow Sir, Ile read them once more ouer,  
Hee reads.

*Though the small number of Lines seeme not to require it,  
Lysander, I wait for you at the great Elme within the Forrest,  
make hast, and to preuent danger, come arm'd.*

Few words, but I belieue a Prologue to much mischief.  
I feare that my affection and *Clarinda's*  
Is to the Duke discover'd; and now disdain  
And anger to be out-riual'd, boyle within his brest,  
If it be so, he takes the noblest way,  
To vse no other force but his owne arme:  
But how shall I imploy my Sword to take  
His life that gaue me mine, my conscience tels me  
Though it be not apparant to the world,  
That I am euen with him; for that since I to him  
Would haue giuen vp my interest in *Clarinda*,  
Would she haue giuen consent. It may be  
I am deceiud in this my apprehension,  
And that it is in loue he sends for me;  
If it be so, I shall be glad; if not, howeuer  
I will meete him according to his desire;  
But first Ile write a Letter to *Clarinda*,  
It may be I shall neuer see her more:  
If I come not home to night, carry a Letter  
You shall find within vpon the Table to *Clarinda*:  
Honour thou tiest vs men to strange conditions;  
For rather then weel lose the smallest part of thee,  
We on an euen lay venture Soules and Bodies,  
For so they doe that enter single Combats. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

# The Favorite.

*Enter Cleonarda, and Mariana.*

*Cleo.* It is hot *Mariana*; wee'l rest our selues a while;  
And when the day growes cooler haue another course.

*Mari.* I wonder how the Deere escaped; the follow-dog  
Once pinch'd him.

*Cleo.* It was the bushes sau'd him.

*Mari.* Why will you course among the bushes?  
*Gerard* the Keeper would haue brought you  
To a fairer course; but you will neuer let  
Him goe along.

*Cleo.* I hate to haue a tutor in my sport,  
I will finde and kill my Game my selfe;  
What satisfaction is't to me if by anothers skill  
I purchase any thing?

*Mari.* Yet you must haue  
Your husband chosen to your hand; the King your Brother  
Will take that paines for you.

*Cleo.* He shall haue leaue to name me one;  
But if I doe not thinke him worthy of me,  
Ile breake that Kingly custome, of marrying  
For the good of the State; since it makes Princes  
More miserable then Beggers; for Beggers marry  
Only those they loue.

*Mar.* Madame, it's true, we not alone in Princes  
See the bitter effects of such forc'd Marriages;  
But euen in priuate Families, Murders and  
Adulteries, doe often wait vpon those Couples  
Whose Bodies are compeld by Parents or Friends  
To ioyne for worldly respects, without the soules consent.

*Cleo.* 'Tis true *Mariana*, how many carefull Parents  
That loue their children dearly, thinking  
To make them happy by marrying of them richly,  
Make them miserable, both here and in the other world.

*Mari.* Madame, 'tis very hot, will you goe bathe your selfe  
In the Riuer.

*Cleo.* With all my heart *Mariana*,



## The Favorite.

It will refresh vs well against the Euening;  
I am resolu'd to kill a Deere to night,  
Without the Keepers helpe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke and Lysander.*

*Lys.* I hope your Grace hath not long staid for me.

*Duke.* No, *Lysander*, you are come before  
My expectation, though not before my wish:  
You cannot guesse the cause that I sent for you.

*Lys.* My Lord, I cannot,  
Vnlesse fortune be so fauorable to giue me  
A faire and iust occasion by being your Second,  
To hazzard that life for you, which by your valour  
Was preferud; but why to hope so great a blessing  
I cannot see; since who within this Kingdome  
Dare iniure you; yet you commanded  
That I should come arm'd.

*Du.* For being my Second, banish that thought,  
And yet I meane to fight to day, and for an iniury  
That is done to me; and you *Lysander* shall fight to,  
Not as a Second, but a Principall.

*Lys.* With whom?

*Duk.* With me *Lysander*.

*Lys.* With you my Lord, vpon what quarrell.

*Duk.* I will maintaine that I doe loue *Clarinda*:  
Better then you, and better doe deserue  
To be beloued by her.

*Lys.* My Lord, I doe confesse it,  
And so this cannot be a cause of quarrell;  
She is your Mistris, and deserues to be so,  
There being no other worthy of your Seruice:  
But for my part I haue no interest in her  
More then a friend. Why should your grace thinke  
I loue her then so well, to make my loue  
To her, the quarrell?

*Duke.* *Lysander*, I did not thinke



## The Favorite.

Th'adst beene so base to haue deny'd thy Mistris;  
But I will further maintaine, thou art thy selfe  
A Villaine, a base dissembling lustfull one.

*Lys.* Had these words,  
(Which wound you deeper farre then they doe me,  
Since they are scandalous) come from another,  
My sword should first haue answer, not my tongue;  
But since you are one to whom I owe my life,  
Ile keepe another method: First, Ile let you see  
The wrong you doe me, which if you shall not  
Straight acknowledge, our swords shall then decide  
Whether this title be my due or no,  
And lest you may condemne me for an enemy,  
As thinking me your debtor, Ile let you see  
That you my Lord, are as much bound to me,  
As I to you, though you did saue my life.

*Duk. Lysander,* doe not thinke,  
You owe me any thing for sauing of your life,  
The thanks if any was due to Fortune,  
Who brought me thither; for what I did  
A peasant might haue done, you being your selfe  
Almost a Conqueror before I came,  
Though sure enough for want of bloud to perish,  
Had I not brought you home, which yet indeed,  
Was but my ducy to helpe a wounded man:  
But how *Lysander,* I should stand ingag'd to you  
For greater obligations, (though this, I grant,  
Be small) I cannot see.

*Lys.* Tho you should amplifie, as you diminish  
What you did for me; yet 'twould neuer equall  
The pulling of my heart out of my brest,  
For to giue you content.

*Duke.* I cannot vnderstand your Riddle;  
Yet feare it tends to base submission.

*Lys.* Duke, be not deceiu'd for after the discouery  
Of that secret which I will tell you,

## The Favorite.

He give you an assurance with my sword,  
I doe not feare.

*Duk.* What secret is this?

*Lys.* I did but now deny that I did loue *Clarinda*,  
But now I call the heauens to witnesse  
Who must assit me in so iust a quarrell,  
That I doe loue her equall with my life;  
And now I will maintaine that I deserue  
To be better belou'd by her then you.

*Duk.* Come then, may the truest Louer  
Proue the Victor.

*Lys.* First let me shew you,  
How I acquit the obligation, I ought you,  
*Clarinda* loues me more then I can her, yet thought  
She thus loue me, I out of my gratefulnesse to you,  
Vsed the best part of my eloquence,  
To perswade her to marry you; and is not this  
A secret, and a discharging of the debt I ow'd you.

*Duk.* These eares indeed can witness thou didst perswade her  
To marrie me, but it was to satisfie  
Thy owne base ends thy lust and thy ambition,  
Not out of thy gratitude to me as thou pretendst.

*Lys.* My lust; the vestall Virgins that keepe in the holy fire,  
Haue not more cold desires then I haue.

*Duke.* I in her Fathers Garden late last night,  
Querheard thee tempt that bright Angell  
Which my soule adores, to acts of lust;  
And with such mouing reasons, that flesh and blood  
Could neuer haue resisted, considering  
That she lou'd thee; but that there was a power  
That gouernes aboue reason, garded her  
From thy strong temptation.

*Lys.* My Lord, that curiosity hath vndone you,  
For I doe call the heauens to witnesse,  
That what I then spake when I seemed vicious,  
Was all dissembled; intending you the fruit.



## The Favorite.

Of that dissimulation; for when I once  
Haue made my selfe a peere vnworthy,  
I thought that she would then haue turn'd  
The streame of her affection vpon you.

*Du.* Can this be true?

Sure feare makes him inuent this; no sure,  
He cannot bee a Coward. *Lysander,*  
Thou hast told me that, if it be true,  
Doth render thee a perfect man; but not  
A perfect loue: and trust me if there were  
A possibility that I could liue without *Clarinda,*  
I should be friends with thee; but since she  
Is the maik at which we both ayme, the one must  
By the blood of the other, purchase that happines:  
And therefore gard your selfe. *They fight.*

*Lys.* My Lord, the iniustice of your caute,  
Not Fortune hath disarm'd you, and therefore yeeld:

*Duke.* If feare of death could make me  
Forget *Clarinda,* were the Victors prize  
Then I perchance might yeeld; but since it cannot,  
Make vse of your aduantage.

*Lys.* I scorne to gaine a victory so poorely,  
But to this man that sau'd my life.

*Du.* You are a noble enemy, and haue so won  
Vpon me by my courtesie, that could you  
Quit your interest in *Clarinda,* I should with ioy  
Share fortunes with you.

*Lys.* We lose time; for since we cannot both  
Enioy *Clarinda,* both must not liue. *Lys. falls.*

*Du.* Fortune, I thank thee,  
Now I am euen with you, rise.

*Lys.* I owe you for my life; we were but quit before;  
I would our quarrell were of another nature.

*Duke.* I would it were; but as it is  
One of vs must lye colde vpon this grasse;  
Before we part.

*Fight. Duke fals.*  
E 3

*Lys.*

## The Favorite.

*Lys.* Ah poore *Clarinda*, this is too sad a witnessse  
Of thy perfections; would thou wert here yet,  
That I might take my last farewell.

*Enter Cleonarda and Mariana.*

*Mar.* O deare Madame, what a sad obiect's this!

*Cleo.* Bee not afraid,  
See if the breath haue quite forsaken that body.

*Lys.* O my best loue *Clarinda*,  
Receiue from my dying lips, a dying kisse.

*Cleo.* How's this!

*Mari.* Madame, the breath hath quite forsaken this body,  
as I thinke: O my deare Brother!

*Cleo.* Is it *Lysander* then, whom I haue long'd so much to see?  
I saw him not since he came home from trauaile,  
And much it grieues me that I see him thus,  
This is the second time that I haue seene him:  
Besmeard in blood!

*Mari.* Deare Brother speake, who hath hurt you?

*Lys.* Deare Sister,  
What blest Angell hath brought you hither?

*Cleo.* This is no fit time for questions *Mariana*,  
Let's helpe him to the Lodge, before his losse of blood  
O'recome his spirits.

*Lys.* Faire and courteous Lady, pardon me,  
My sight did faile through my excessiue bleeding,  
Which made me to mistake.

*Mari.* Brother it is the Princesse.

*Lys.* O Madame, lead me no further then;  
For you will curse your charity if you preserue me,

*Cleo.* Why Sir?

*Lys.* Because I haue by this vn lucky hand,  
Robd you of such a Kinsman, as our Soueraigne  
And your selfe were iustly proud of.

*Cleo.* Who is that?

*Lys.* The Duke, who lyes there as you see.

*Cleo.* It cannot be.



## The Favorite.

*Lys.* Madame, it is too true.

*Cleo.* Alas my Cozen!

Sir, you haue an vn lucky hand indeed;  
For you haue this day murdered two:  
Iustice will at your hands require his blood.

*Mar.* O Madame say not so, had you but eu'n now  
So great a care to saue his life, and are you now  
So cruell to say that he must perish by the hand  
Of Iustice, though he should scape these wounds?  
Would not the Duke haue kild him if he could?  
Ile pawn my life vpon't, my Brother kild him fairly.

*Cleo.* What shall I doe, if I helpe to preserue him  
That kild my Kinsman, it is vnnaturall in me,  
And I besides may lose my Brothers good opinion;  
And should I be the cause that *Mariana's* brother perish;  
I shall lose her for euer; either shee'l dye for grieffe,  
Or else shee'l hate me. Ile doe as I did first intend,  
My conscience tels me it is the nobler course;  
Besides, there is something, I know not what it is,  
Bids me preserue *Lysander*, the great desire I had  
To see him, bred from the generall commendations which  
The world bestowes vpon him; imported something.

*Mari.* Deare Brother, what was your quarrell?

*Cleo.* Come Sir, be of good comfort, neither your wounds  
Nor the cold hand of Iustice, if it be  
Within my power to helpe it, shall rob  
Your louing Sister of you, shee is by me  
So well belou'd.

*Mar.* I want words to expresse how much I loue  
And honour you.

*Lys.* Madame I would not haue you goe about  
To preserue mee with your owne danger,  
I meane the Kings displeasure; besides, I feare  
Your labour will be fruitlesse; for if the Lodge  
Be not hard by, sure I shall bleed to death,  
Before we can come thither.

## The Favorite.

*Cleo.* It is but hard by.

*Lys.* Then I may liue to doe you seruice,  
Rather let me perish before I trouble you.

*Cleo.* You are her Brother, and cannot trouble me,  
Wee'l lay the body behind yon bush, vntill we  
Send for it.

*Exeunt.*

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### Actus tertius, Scœna prima.

*Enter Cleonarda and Gerard.*

*Cleo.* Can you not finde the Dukes body  
Say you *Gerard*?

*Ger.* No where Madame can I finde it,  
And yet I haue sought it round about the place  
Where you appointed me; I found the bloody plot  
Where it had beene, his horse I found to  
Tied fast to a tree.

*Cleo.* It is strange, what can become of it, *Gerard*,  
Vpon your life keepe secret what you know,  
And see that none come neere the Lodge.  
I will send you all prouision necessary,  
Pretending that *Mariana* is sicke.

*Ger.* Madame, I feare she will be so indeed,  
She doth so apprehend her Brothers danger.

*Cleo.* She hath no cause, no wounds of his are mortall;  
Or if they were, I haue applyed such soueraigne remedies  
That they shall cure 'em: but who shall be my Surgeon?  
Loue, I must flye to thee I feare for remedy,  
I pray thee goe backe, and see that all things be well,  
And in the morning bring me word how she hath  
Slept to night.

*Ger.* Madame, there shall bee nothing wanting  
That lyeth within my power. *Exit.*

*Cleo.* How carefull am I  
Of his wounds? me thinkes I would not



## The Favorite.

Haue him dyc for all the world: sic *Cleonarda*,  
Taken at the first sight with outward beauty,  
Nor being assur'd first of the inward worth!  
I wrong my selfe, and him: It was  
The inward brauery of his mind, which all  
The Kingdome doth admire, that turn'd my heart,  
Which vntill now hath beene like adamant.  
To Kings, to melting Ice to him, and not his  
Outward beauty, that neuer could haue found  
A passage to my heart, but that the way  
Was chalked out to it by his Fame: but stay,  
Whither doe my vaine imaginations carry me?  
Though *Lysander* could in worth equall the Gods,  
Yet it were not fit for me to loue him as a husband;  
He is my Brothers Subiect, shall he be my Master?  
No. To my old sports agen: to morrow  
I will bee vp by breake of day,  
And Reason (as I chase the Stagge)  
Shall chase these thoughts away. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Bernardo, Iacomo, Attendants.*

*King.* When rode your Lord abroad?

*Ber.* Early this morning.

*King.* How chanced you then did not sooner  
Bring me this Letter?

*Ber.* I was commanded otherwayes by him.

*King reads.*

*Royall Sir, adde to the number of your many favors, the performance of this my last request:*

*What doth hee meane by this?*

*I pray you see Clarinda (who is my wife) possess'd of what was mine, and withall, pardon him that kils mee; for I will compell him to fight. How's this? Begin not after my death to deny me that which is iust, since in my life time you neuer did see the will of the dead effected, as you desire to haue your Testament perform'd after your death; which I pray the Gods that it may be yet a long life.*

## The Favorite.

O what a Character is here deliuer'd, of a pure mind,  
Which only seems to shew the greatnes. of my losse.  
The plainer, his death is not yet certaine,  
Let me not like a woman spend that time  
In fruitlesse lamentations which may perchance  
Afford a remedy, but now it is night:  
What shall I do? call all the Court, and let them all  
Disperse themselues, each man a severall way;  
He that brings word the Duke is aliue,  
Shall haue a thousand pounds: he is gone to fight  
A Combat with whom I know not; but he that  
Apprehends the man that kildhim, shal haue his land.  
Is there none here that knowes of any falling out  
Betweene him and some other Lord? speake,  
Is there none can tell me?

*Iaco.* And if it please your Maiesty, I thinke  
I haue a guesse.

*King.* Speake then.

*Iaco.* If he bee gone to fight, it is with  
Young *Lysander*.

*King.* Let one goe looke for *Lysander* presently.  
What grudge was betwixt them? or fell they lately out?

*Iaco.* I will tell your Maiesty in priuate. I am a seruant to the  
Count *Utrante*, and was imploy'd by that most noble Duke,  
(whom I doe feare sleepes now in death) for to solícite his true  
loue to my young Lady, which I did faithfully performe: but  
I found all I did was vaine, for shee long time hath beene in  
loue with young *Lysander*, which when I knew, I gaue the  
Duke straight notice; this hath so farre incens'd the Duke against  
*Lysander*, that they are gone to fight.

*King.* This that thou hast told is cerraine true,  
Else she would neuer haue deny'd to haue married  
With the Duke, and for thy loue and faithfull seruice to him,  
Which I beleue is now no more; for else by this time,  
He would haue return'd. I will requite thee.

*Iaco.* He was the noblest Gentleman



## The Favorite.

That I shall euer know. *He weepes.*

*King.* Alas goodman, he weepes.  
He that can bring me word the Duke is aliue,  
Redeemes his King from misery. *Exeunt. manet Iaco.*

*Iaco.* I hope he neuer shall come backe aliue, he knowes I am  
a villaine, I was too forward in my offers to him, til I had tried his  
dispositions better. It is kindly done of him and of *Lysander*  
yet to spare my paines: there now wants nothing of my wish  
but that the Duke be kild, and I to find out where *Lysander* is,  
then I shall be reueng'd vpon them both, and be possesst of that  
which is my due, (*Lysanders land*) for so the King hath pro-  
mis'd. My way to find *Lysander* if he hath kild the Duke, is for  
to giue *Clarinda* a firme beleefe that I doe dearly loue him; for  
sure if he be liuing, she shall heare of him, and if I finde him, I  
haue another villanie in my head, which I will put in act, besides  
my giuing notice of him to the King.  
My villany shall Vertue be in show,  
For all shall thinke me honest *Iacomo.* *Exit.*

*Enter Clarinda with a Letter.*

*Clar. reads.* I feare the Duke hath notice of our loues; for he  
hath sent to me to meete him armed, I feare it is to fight, if it be  
so, and I suruiue the Combate, I will send you word where I a-  
bide, if I be kild, I doe coniure you by your vertues, not to be  
ungratefull vnto the Duke, who you see doth not desire to liue,  
without he may enioy you for his wife.

No my *Lysander*, in that houre when I shall heare  
That thy faire soule is parted from thy body,  
I will quickly follow thee.

*Enter Seruant.*

*Seru.* Madame, the King is at the gate, and in a rage,  
Threatens your Fathers death and yours, they say *Lysander*  
Hath kild the Duke.

*Clar.* I fear'd as much,  
This comes of my dissembling.

# The Favorite.

*Enter King, Utrante, and Attendants.*

*Utran.* Why is your Maiestie offended with your Vassall,  
Who as yet neuer so much as in a thought offended you.

*King.* Where is that Inchantresse, which you call *Clarinda*?

*Clar.* Here Sir, is the vnhappy obiekt of your anger.

*King.* I am amaz'd, I neuer till now saw true beauty.  
Why kneele you Lady?

*Clar.* It is my duty Sir, you are my Soueraigne.

*King.* Rise faire Creatue; came I to chide, and doe I kisse.  
This is the force of Beauty; who liues  
That can be offended with so sweet a Creature?

I cannot now blame the Duke, for valuing  
Her so much. I would she were the Daughter  
Of some neighbouring King, that I without  
Disparagement might loue her: but I forget  
My selfe, these are poore humble thoughts,  
And farre beneath the Maiestie of a King.  
Lady, I came to chide, I feare you are the cause  
That I haue lost a Kinsman, a worthy one  
In all the worlds opinion, excepting yours.

*Cl.* Sir, pardon me you were your selfe the cause  
By your excessiue loue to him; for that made me  
Dissemble my affections to *Lysander*,  
Fearing to daw your frownes vpon my Father,  
Should I haue shew'd neglect vnto the Duke.

*Kin.* Who euer was the cause, you shall not feele  
The punishment; the Duke did truly loue you,  
Lady, which you shall see here in this Letter  
Apparantly, may you see your error,  
And grieue to death for your past folly,  
In refusing the quintessence of Mankinde:  
Read it not now, you shall haue time to grieue in,  
He shewes there in his Letter, that you are his wife,  
That by that meanes I might be drawne the sooner,  
To performe his will, which is, that you should



## The Favorite.

Be posselt of that which was his, and so you shall  
If hee be dead.

*Cl.* Sir, I doe vtterly refuse it, all that I desire,  
Is that your Maiestie will giue me leaue  
To depart, my griefes doe so oppresse me,  
That I am sicke at heart.

*King.* When you please Lady.      *Exit Cl.*  
My Lord how chanc'd it that you neuer told me  
That your Daughter lou'd *Lysander*?

*Utran.* Sir, let me perish if I knew it,  
I am amaz'd to heare it now.      *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lysander and Mariana.*

*Lys.* But Sister, can you thinke it possible,  
The Princesse should thus loue me.

*Mar.* Brother, I know you see it your selfe,  
Though you will not take notice of it.

*Lys.* Belicue me *Mariana*, it doth grieue me much  
So great a Princesse should bee so vnhappy  
To loue a man whose heart is not his owne;  
For he that had a heart at his disposing  
Could not denie to giue it her.

*Ma.* When she shal know you haue another Mistris,  
She will call backe her iudgement, and quickly  
Free her selfe: but Brother, I doe feare  
You loue her too; you looke and speake to her  
With more affection then well becomes your faith,  
Being promis'd to *Clarinda*.

*Lys.* What would you haue me to doe?  
Shall I not backe returne those courteous lookes,  
That she the sauer of my life bestowes vpon me?  
One knocks without.

*Mar.* He see who it is.      *Exit.*

*Enter Cleonacda.*

*Cleo.* How hath your brother slept to night?

*Mar.* Exceeding well Madam;

## The Favorite.

Brother, here is the Princesse.

*Cleo.* *Lysander*, how doth your wounds?  
Is your paine lessend? *Lys.* Madame, I haue no paine  
But that I feare I neuer shall be able to requite  
This vnderferued fauor.

*Cleo.* Let not that trouble you; it is to me  
You owe the debt, and I will find some way  
To pay my selfe, that shall uot make you poorer.

*Lys.* What shall I say, each vertuous deed  
Rewards it selfe, and that's the coyne with which  
You must be paid, or else you will be a loser.

*Cleo.* Tell me *Lysander*, and tell me truely,  
Haue you a Master?

*Lys.* I dare not lye Madame,  
I haue one that loues me equally.

*Cle.* *Lysander*, she hath reason, were I your Mistris,  
I thinke I should loue you better then my selfe:  
But tell me *Lysander*, what was the quarrell,  
Betwixt the Duke and you:

*Lys.* Madame, I cannot tel you without discovering  
That which I would gladly keepe conceald;  
Yet why I should deny you the knowledge of any  
Secret my heart holds. I cannot see, except I should  
Be most vngratefull, you being the only cause  
That I haue now a heart to keepe a secret in.

*Cleo.* What was it, speake; I long, yet feare to  
know it.

*Lys.* The Duke and I were riuals,  
*Clarinda* was the marke at which both aym'd.

*Cleo.* Which of you loued she best?

*Lys.* Madame, she loued me best.  
Wee being brought vp together,  
Which was her great mistfortune;  
For had she knowne the Duke before me,  
Her iudgement would haue taught her  
To loue the worthier,



## The Favorite.

And one indeed that loued her better,  
At least, with greater passion.

*Cleo.* But did not halfe so wel deserue to belou'd  
By her as you, since hee did goe about  
To force loue, or at the least to take from her  
The loued, that which she most delighted in, her seruant.

*Lys.* Hauing once remou'd me, he hoped she  
Would accept of him, who would haue made  
A worthier seruant farre, since he had power  
To raise her to that glorious height of fortune,  
Which well would haue become her merits:  
But on the other side, he knew the meanes  
Of my Fortune, must needs obscure and darken  
Her perfections, so that he out of loue  
To her rather then to himselfe, desir'd  
To make her his.

*Cle.* He could not chuse but know that if he kild  
The man belou'd by her she needs must hate him,  
If she were worthily constant; if not,  
Then he with danger of his life had purchas'd,  
Her too dearly; for I should still belieue,  
If once she changd, she alwayes would become  
The victors Prize.

*Lys.* Madame, there was some vn lucky mistaking;  
Betwixt vs, or else we had not fought.  
*Cle.* Would it had pleas'd heauen you had not fought  
Or that the Duke had scaped with life; but since  
Your quarrell was not to be reconcild, though I  
Doe blush to say so. I am glad t'was he that perisht,  
For I haue euer wisht you well;  
I would not haue you thinke I am now in loue  
With you; yet by my life I cannot say, but I may be  
Hereafter, tho I know you haue a Mistris,  
Whose perfections darken mine, giue me those  
Things to dresse his wounds with.  
The wounds sure were giuen to me to make me happie;

## The Favorite.

In being toucht by your soft hands, my wounds  
Can neuer heale, my prayers are against it ;  
Because being well I cannot haue this blessing.

*Cleo.* What a strange alteration doe I feele now!  
When I touch you, a certaine coldnesse seizeth  
On my heart, and all my blood fliesto my face:  
Sure I do loue you ; I ne're yet knew what it was  
For to dissemble ; if I loue I say so,  
And if I hate, I keepe it not conceald,  
I will not giue a thought that is base  
A harbor in my brest ; what need I then  
Conceale my heart ? the praise *Lysander*  
Which was bestow'd vpon thee had bred in me  
A great desire to be my owne assurance,  
Whether thou wert the master of so many  
Excellencies, as fame bestow'd vpon thee.  
And now that I doe find they rather doe  
Come short, then any whit out-goe thy merit,  
Wonder not that I, though a Princesse, am in loue  
With thee, for I haue still profest to loue the  
Richest minde, which is in thee compleat,  
With the addition of a comly Personage.

*Lys.* I hope your Grace doth not mocke me.

*Cleo.* No by my life, I take delight  
In looking vpon you.

*Lys.* I cannot thinke you are in earnest, yet I will  
Answere you, as if you were : should you loue me  
Thinke you, or would you wish that I should breake  
My forepast vowes vnto *Clarinda*.

*Cle.* No, it must be for your worth if I do loue you,  
And when your proue vnconstant, you are  
No longer worthy.

*Lys.* If I be constant,  
What fruit can you receiue from your affection?  
A barren Loue will ill become  
So great a Princesse.



## The Favorite.

*Cle.* Be you still constant, loue your *Clarinda* still;  
For when you cease to be so, I shall hate you;  
Only respect me as a Sister: for when my reason  
Shall haue leaue to combate against my passion,  
It will conuert it to a Sisterly affection.

*Lys.* Madame, I know  
In that you say you loue me, you doe it only  
For to make a tryall how strongly I am arin'd  
By my *Clarinda's* merits against inconstancie;  
And I confesse, if it were possible  
To vndermine my faith, and blow my former  
Promises into the ayre, your pleasing speech,  
And those, yet maiesticke glances  
Of your eyes, were the only Instruments that yet  
I euer saw to doe it.

*Cleo.* But speake you as you thinke *Lysander*.

*Lys.* Else may I perish; but mistake me not;  
For though I could belieue your beauty  
And merit to be aboue *Clarinda's*;  
Which is vnpossible, either that it should be,  
Or that I should belieue it; yet where my word  
Is once past, though all the tortures mans wit  
Can inuent should at one instant inuiron me  
To torture the minde and body, yet  
I would not breake my faith.

*Cle.* May I be miserable if ere I perswade you to't;  
Yet I could wish that you did loue me,  
And with a little passion; but doe not make shew  
Of more then you doe truely feele, thinking  
To please me; for if I find it I shall be angry,  
I will not hide a thought from you.

*Mari.* But Madame, is it possible that  
(You) should loue him thus?

*Cleo.* I scorne for to dissemble; for who stand  
I in feare of? were the King my Brother here,  
Sure I should not deny that I loued *Lysander*.

## The Favorite.

*Mar.* Madame, I rather wish  
My Brother neuer had beene borne,  
Then that the King should know you loue him,  
Nay, I hope you know it not your selfe:  
Shall I belieue that your great heart, that euer  
Yet contemn'd loue, can on a sodaine in foure  
Or five daies knowledge, be struck by my vnworthy  
Brothers slender merits, and one that must  
Be periur'd too, if he should loue you.

*Cleo. Mariana,* take heed how you doe pursue  
This Subiect; for if you doe, I should begin  
To hate you, are you not asham'd to contradict  
Your selfe? How oft hath your owne tongue  
Giuen him the highest attributes of worth?  
Nay, you haue beene so lauish of his praises,  
That I haue check'd you for it though I beliu'd  
Them to bee true, because it comes  
Somthing too neere the praising of our selues,  
To praise a Brother, I am my selfe a witnesse  
Of his valour and his wit, and those are sure  
The maine supporters to all other vertues,  
Blush not *Lysander* to heare thine owne iust praises,  
Except it be that I doe sully them in the deliuey,  
Thou gau'st too sad a witnesse of thy valour  
In ouercomming him, which through this  
Kingdome was esteemd the brauest man.

*Lys.* Madam, a brauer man by farre then he  
Vnder whose sword he fell; Fortune that did enuy  
His worth, because his mind was fortified  
Aboue her reach, applyed her selfe that day,  
Vnto the ruine of his body; and then though  
Neuer before nor since fought on my side.

*Cle.* When next I come,  
I will intreat you tell me euery particular  
Accident through the whole Combate.

*Lys.* Most willingly, for I by that Relation,

Shall



## *The Favorite.*

Shall make apparant the difference betwixt  
His worth and mine. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Utrante, and Attendant.*

*King.* So many dayes o'repast, and yet no newes  
Of my deare Cozen, whether he be aliue or dead!

*Utran.* Sir, there is a Hermite,  
Which hath brought sad newes.

*King.* What of his death, or that he's deadly hurt?

*Utran.* Sir, to your Maiesty he only will relate  
That which he hath to say, and yet by the sadnesse  
Of his countenance, know his newes is ill.

*King.* Call him in,  
Whilst with patience I fore-arme my selfe;

*Enter Hermite.*

Speake Father, is the Duke dead? what sad newes  
Is this you bring? giue me my torment in a word.

*Her.* Your feares are true indeed, the Duke  
Is dead.

*King.* How doe you know.

*Her.* Your Maiesty shall heare,  
As I was gathering Rootes within the Forrest,  
The best part of my foode, casting my eye aside,  
I saw a man lie weltring in his gore,  
Straight I was strucken with a sodaine feare;  
But Charitic preuailing aboue feare,  
I stept to see, if yet the soule had left  
That comely Mansion, for so indeed it was;  
Finding some sparks of life remaining, I tooke  
A cordiall water which I euer carry with me,  
And by the help of that I brought him to his senses,  
So that he was able to deliuer these few words.  
Death I embrace thee willingly, thou being  
A farre lesse torment, then for to liue  
And know *Clarinda* loues another better.  
May she enioy *Lysander*, whom now I doe

## The Favorite.

Belecue is worthy of her: for I that  
Most vniustly went about to crosse it,  
Must pay my life downe for my error;  
*Lysander*, I forgiue thee my death, and so  
I hope the King, and with that word the King,  
He funke betweene my armes, and neuer  
Spoke word.

*Kin.* O what a man was this, what marble heart  
That would not melt it selfe in teares to heare  
This sad relation? but what became of the body?

*Her.* There Sir begins occasion of new grieffe,  
Whilst I did vainly strue to call backe life,  
Three barbarous thecues seeking some booty,  
Came by chance that way, and seeing his garments  
Rich, they went about to strip him; but hearing  
Off some noyse within the wood, one of them  
Did aduise to carry him to their boat, which lay  
Hard by within a Creeke. I went about  
To hinder them, and for my paines they did compel  
Me to carry the body vpon my shoulders,  
Threatning to kill me if I did refuse;  
But not content with this, they made me row  
Them downe the streame, three dayes together,  
Vntill they came vnto their fellow Pirates.

*King.* What did they with the body?

*Her.* Threw it ouerbord, when they had  
Rifled it first.

*King.* How chance you came no sooner to tell  
This newes, though yet too soone, they are so ill?

*Utran.* I see the King did dearly loue him,  
He weepes.

*Her.* Sir, the current of the water bare vs farther  
In three dayes, then I was able to returne in ten.

*King.* Giue the poore Hermit something,  
Though his newes deserue it not,  
Yet his sufferngs doth:



## The Favorite.

It is an addition to my griefe, that when I parted  
With him last, I seem'd to be offended with him  
For his dotage on *Clarinda*, which he hath  
Dearely paid for; and yet I cannot blame him,  
For she is the fairest creature that yet I euer saw.

*Enter Cleonarda.*

O Sister, we haue lost our dearest Kinsman,  
And that which ads vnto my griefe, is, that I cannot  
Be reueng'd on him that kild him.

*Cleo.* Are you certaine Sir that he is dead, or  
Who it was that kild him?

*Ki.* Too certaine of them both,  
It was *Lysander* that kild him,  
Whom If I euer get within my power,  
The sharpest kinde of death that iustice can inflict  
Vpon him, he shall feele.

*Cleo.* Say you so brother, hee shall  
Not come within your power if I can helpe it then;  
But royall brother, if the Duke had kild *Lysander*,  
I know you would haue pardoned him.

*King.* Sister I thinke I should.

*Cle.* With what Iustice then can you pursue  
*Lysanders* life, who as the Duke himselfe  
Informes you in his Letter, sought  
Onely to maintaine what was his owne;  
But on the other side, the Duke like an vsurper  
Without any title would haue taken from him  
That which he valew'd farre aboue his life  
His Loue.

*King.* It is not I  
That pursues *Lysanders* life, but Iustice;  
The Law condemnes him to dye,  
Had it beene but a priuate man, much more  
Being so neare a kin to me.

*Cle.* There is no Law; but doth allow vs to defend  
Our selues, *Lysander* did no more; for who can denie

## The Favorite.

He was compeld, honor compeld him,  
The Duke compeld him, and loue (which cannot be  
By noble minds resisted, did aboue all compell him;  
Then all the fault *Lysander* did commit in my  
Opinion, is that hee was too slow, needing  
Compulsion in so iust a cause, and therefore Sir  
If you should apprehend *Lysander*, though by  
The letter of the Law his life is forfeit;  
Yet remember that mercy is the greatest attribute  
Belonging to those powrs, whose substitute you are.

*King.* Sister, you often haue had occasion  
To shew your Charity, in being a Suiter to mee  
For the liues of those that had offended;  
Yet vntill now you neuer beg'd my mercy vnto any

*Cleo.* Sir, you neuer had occasion giuen you  
Till now to whet the sword of Iustice by your owne  
Particular reuenge, that it might cut the deeper,  
And being not intressed, your mercy of it selfe  
Did blunt the edge, and needed not my intercession.

*King.* I do coniure you by my loue,  
To speake no more of this vnpleasing subiect;  
For if I get *Lysander* once within my power,  
I will sacrifice his heart-bloud to the Ghost  
Of my deceased Cozen.

*Enter Clarinda.*

*Vtran.* You know it is bootlesse,  
The King is so incens'd, in begging mercy  
For *Lysander*, you may proue cruell to your selfe,  
And vnto me your Father.

*Clar.* O Sir, how ill you doe requite *Lysander*;  
His loue to you was the onely cause  
That puld these miseries vpon him;  
For had not he so dearly tenderd you,  
Fearing to draw on you the Kings displeasure,  
We had long since bin married, then this vnlucky  
Combat had not bin, nor I had need of that

Which



# The Favorite.

Which now I am to beg : Mercy, great Sir.

*Kin.* Why, know you where *Lysander* is ?

*Clar.* Ono, but I doe feare he cannot escape  
Your hands.

*King.* Why Lady,

Can you hope that if hee were taken  
I would pardon him: hath he not kild the man  
That in the world was nearest to my heart?  
I cannot grant this; rise, and by mine honor  
Aske or command what is within my power  
(But this) and it shall be perform'd.

*Clas.* Sir, all the suite

He make, since this cannot be granted, is  
That in the selfe same houre that my *Lysander*  
Is to suffer; I who haue beene the fountaine  
From whence these bloody streames haue issu'd,  
May be permitted to shew *Lysander* the darke  
Yet pleasing way to the *Elizian Fields*;  
For though we could not here, yet there we shall  
Enjoy each other.

*Cleo.* *Lysander*, shouldst thou proue false to her,  
Though I my selfe were cause of thy inconstancie,  
Yet I should hate thee.

*King.* I hope you will better consider  
Of the generall losse the world shall sustaine,  
In losing such a Jewell as your selfe:  
Sister, I will leaue you to aduise her better,  
And pray you vse her with your best respect,  
Her worth and beauty doth deserue it;  
My Lord *Vtrante*, haue you in your daughters name  
Taken possession of all that was the Dukes,  
As I commanded?

*Vtran.* My Lord, I haue the full possession;  
But she doth vtterly refuse them.

*King.* I know my Sister will aduise  
Her better.

*Exe. manet Clar. & Cleo.*

*Clar.*

## The Favorite.

*Cl.* The Princess is the fairest Creature  
That yet mine eyes euer beheld, why does she looke  
So stedfastly vpon me? Gracious Madame,  
What see you in this worthlesse frame,  
That so attracts your eyes:

*Cleo.* I see *Clarinda*,  
In each particular of the whole frame,  
Which thou term'st worthlesse, an excesse of beauty,  
Which in another Lady might breed euuy;  
But by my life I take delight to looke on thee.

*Cl.* And Madame, may I perish,  
If ere mine eyes yet met an obiekt, wherein  
I tooke halfe that delight that I doe now  
In looking vpon you; were I a man,  
And could frame to my selfe a Mistris by my wishes  
Hauing the wide world to choole in, for each  
Particular to make vp the whole. I should belecue  
It were a fruitlesse labour, if I went farther  
Then your selfe thus fram'd.

*Cleo.* *Clarinda*, as I am Sister to a King,  
I see I must partake of their misfortunes,  
Which is to be grossly flatter'd: but it may be  
You giue me this faire language by instinct;  
For I haue pleasing newes to tell you,  
If that you had come to Court, I thought  
To haue sent for you, which vnto you  
I know appeares most strange, for till this houre  
I neuer had the happinesse to see you.

*Clar.* Madame, it does indeed.

*Cleo.* It will appeare more strange,  
When you shall know the cause for which  
I would haue sent for you.

*Cl.* Deare Lady, what is it for?

*Cleo.* I would haue sent for you,  
To know what you would haue giuen willingly,  
To one that would vndertake to saue *Lysander's* life.

*Clare*



## The Favorite.

*Clar.* I cannot name you a particular,  
But all that I haue, or can giue.

*Cleo.* I meane not goods or money,  
But could you bee content if it were  
A woman that could doe this,  
To quit your interest in *Lysander*,  
And giue him leaue to marry her?

*Clar.* If it should come to that, I know  
I sooner should be willing,  
Then I should draw him to giue his consent.

*Cleo.* It is nearer it then you belieue,  
I know a Lady that hath sau'd his life already.

*Cl.* How, beg'd his pardon of the King!  
And vpon those conditions hath he giuen consent?

*Cleo.* He hath not yet, but when he knowes  
Your minde, I thinke he will.

*Clar.* Is she a handsome Lady, and well borne?

*Cleo.* Not very handsome; but her birth is great,  
In both she equals me, and in affection to  
*Lysander*, you.

*Clar.* Madame I doe beseech you  
Leaue this too harsh discourse: for it hardly  
Can be true, since there is no Lady  
In this Kingdome, that euer I saw  
That equals you in beauty, yet  
The imagination that it may be so,  
Doth from mine eyes draw teares, and chafes  
From my heart the vsuall heate.

*Cleo.* Weepe not *Clarinda*, I cannot hold thee  
Longer in suspence. I am the Lady that I meane,  
And therefore chase away thy feare.

*Clar.* I neuer saw true cause of feare till now,  
The tale you told appeares much likelier truth,  
Now, that you are the Lady, then it did before;  
For you haue in you that full excellency,  
That would make Gods forswear themselves,

## The Favorite.

If they had made an oath, should you propose  
Your selfe as the reward of that their periury:  
Shall I belieue then that *Lysanders* traittie,  
Can resist such an assault, if you be so resolu'd;  
Besides, what Lady hath the power to beg  
*Lysanders* life, at your incensed brothers hands;  
But onely you that are his Sister:  
Goe poore forsaken maide, and melt thy selfe  
Away in teares, and doe not liue to be an eye-sore  
To this noble Lady, nor to vpbraide *Lysander*  
With his falshood.

*Cleo.* Stay sweet *Clarinda*,  
And for as many teares as I haue made thee shed  
From those faire eyes, so oft Ile kille the CRYSTALL  
Fountaines from whence they flowed; belieue me,  
Dearest maide, though I doe loue *Lysander*,  
Yet I would not wrong thee for a world,  
Of which to giue the more assurance,  
Thou shalt see, and speake with thy *Lysander*,  
For thou art onely worthy of him;  
He is now at *Gerards* Lodge within the Forrest,  
None knowes of it but *Gerard*, and his owne Sister  
*Mariana*, how I brought him thither wounded,  
Ile take another time to tell you: when you would  
See him you must goe disguis'd: farewell *Clarinda*,  
Be confident I loue you dearly. I will stay  
No longer lest it should breed suspicion. *Exit.*

*Clar.* Madame, your humble seruant.  
How strange a tale is this! yet sure it's true,  
Why should the Princessse say so else?  
But can it be the Princessse loues *Lysander*?  
Can it be otherwise, if she doe know him?  
If it be true, sure *Lysander* will not neglect  
So great a blessing: hence Iealousie, the canker  
Of true loue, that doest in time consume that  
Which did giue thee being; why should I wrong

*Lysander*,



## The Favorite.

*Lysander*, to mistrust his faith, till I haue  
Better cause, I must to him, and in disguise,  
Which how to get my selfe I know not,

*Enter Iacomo.*

I must trust some body, and who so fit  
As honest *Iacomo*, who I know loues *Lysander*.  
Come hither honest *Iacomo*. *Iaco*. Madame.

*Clar*. I know thou lou'st me,  
And wilt doe any thing that I command thee.

*Iaco*. Madame, I hope you make no doubt of it.

*Clar*. No thou shalt see I doe not doubt;  
For I will make thee priuie to a secret,  
That torture should not draw from me.

*Iaco*. If it be that that I suspect, torture shall  
Hardly make me to conceale it.

*Clar*. What saist thou *Iacomo*?

*Iaco*. Madame, I say although I should be rackt,  
Yet what you tell me shall be still conceald.

*Clar*. I know it should; come trusty *Iacomo*,  
Ile tell thee all the Story as wee goe. *Exeunt.*

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## Actus quartus, Scoena prima.

*Enter Clarinda in disguise, Iacomo.*

*Clar*. How am I bound to thee for this disguise,  
I thinke my Father if I had met him  
Could not haue knowne me, how farre is it  
Yet to the Lodge?

*Iaco*. It is not aboue a Mile; but are you sure  
He is there?

*Clar*. I would not else haue come so far a foote  
Nor put on this disguise.

*Iaco*. Madame, if you be weary, here is a faire  
Coole shade, where you may rest your selfe a while.

*Clar*. Though I be faint and weary;

## The Favorite.

Yet I will not stay, the great desire I haue  
To see *Lysander*, doth support my weaknesse.

*Iaco.* But Madame, I am weary, and I haue  
No such strong desire as loue to carry me.

*Clar.* For shame say not so, can you being a man  
And vs'd to walke, be weary in so short a iourney?

*Iaco.* Madame. you must refresh me with a kisse,  
I cannot walke else.

*Clar.* How *Iacomo*?

*Iaco.* Why, doth not the paines that I haue taken  
Deserue a greater recompence then that?

*Clar.* I doe confesse  
The paines that thou hast taken, and  
I intend thee a reward equall to it,  
But it amazes me to heare thee aske,  
That which would trouble me to giue;  
And yet to thee that shoul'st receiue it,  
Doe no good at all.

*Iaco.* If it will trouble you to giue it, then let  
Me take a kisse.

*Clar.* How strangely art thou transported,  
With a fond desire!

*Iaco.* You will not kisse me then?

*Clar.* I prethee be not angry *Iacomo*,  
Ile giue thee that which is better;  
Here take this Iewell; yet let me tell thee,  
The Duke would not thus boldly haue demanded  
What thou didst aske.

*Iaco.* He was a foole then,  
And did not know his owne aduantage,  
Which you shall find I doe, you that  
Denyed me now a kisse, shall giue me that  
Which you perchance the first night  
Would haue denied your husband.

*Cl.* I do not like this, whats that honest *Iacomo*?

*Iaco.* Your Maidenhead.

*Clar.* How! I know thou dost but speake this



## The Favorite.

For to excuse thy selfe from going; sit still,  
He find the way my selfe.

*Iaco.* Are you so crafty, stay and heare me.

*Clar.* What sayst thou honest *Iacomo*?

*Iaco.* Not too honest neither, I know you are wise, and there  
for: He vse no perswasions, else, but onely letting of you see  
the danger.

*Clar.* O, I feare this villaine.

*Iaco.* *Lysander* you told me was at the Lodge, and there the  
King shall find him, except you will redeeme him from that dan-  
ger, by the losse of your Virginitie; I know you would bee well  
content to kisse me now, but now it will not serue.

*Clar.* Will honest *Iacomo* then proue a villaine?

*Iaco.* Who would not proue a villaine for so sweet a recom-  
pence: How I doe glory in this purchase of my wit, the Duke  
striving to gaine the happinesse, I shall haue offer'd me, paid  
downe his life fort; besides, he went about the ceremoniall way  
of Marriage; but I shall meet my happinesse a neerer way, which  
will be an addition to the pleasure. Come, are you resolu'd?

*Clar.* Why villaine, dost thou prize *Lysanders* life  
Aboue mine honor?

*Iaco.* If for a word, for honor is no more,  
You can indure to see *Lysander* suffer cruell death,  
It seemes you loue him little, doe as you will;  
Make hast vnto the Lodge, you know the way well  
The King may chance be there before you,  
As I will handle the businesse.

*Clar.* Stay *Iacomo*, canst thou be such a villaine  
As thou dost seeme; I doe not thinke  
Thou art in earnest.

*Iaco.* All torments that man did euer feele,  
Light vpon me, if I doe not performe  
What I say.

*Clar.* Then may they all light on thee;  
For thou deseru'st them all.

*Iaco.* Stay Lady.

## The Favorite.

*Clar.* Dost thou relent?  
I knew thou didst it but to trye mee.

*Iaco.* It is true indeed, I did so.

*Clar.* I thought thou still wert honest.

*Iaco.* Be not deceiu'd: I tried indeed if you would giue consent, because the pleasure would haue beene the greater so; but since I haue you once agen within my power, I will inioy you whether you will or no.

*Clar.* Canst thou belecue, the heauens that haue the power,  
To strike thee dead, will suffer such a wicked Act?

*Iaco.* It is in vaine to striue or crye,  
There is none to helpe you.

*Clar.* If the feare of Heauen  
Cannot deterre thee from this villanie;  
Yet tremble at the punishments my Father  
And *Lysander* will inflict vpon thee;  
For doe not thinke there's any place that's so remote,  
But they will find thee out.

*Iaco.* Tush, they shall still belieue mee to be  
Honest *Iacomo*;  
Yet I will let the King know where *Lysander* is.

*Clar.* Why villaine, dost thou thinke I will not  
Discouer thee?

*Iaco.* Yes, I doe know you would; but I will take a course  
with your Ladiship for telling, when I haue done with you.

*Clar.* I know thou wilt not be so mercifull to kill me.

*Iaco.* Yes, feare it not, rather then I will be hang'd for a short  
minutes pleasure.

*Clar.* Then kill me first, before thou dost dishonour me.

*Iaco.* It may bee you'l bee of another mind anon, and wish  
to liue. The trees stand here too thin, Ile carry you into a  
thicker place.

*Clar.* Helpe, Murder: is there no power that will transforme  
me to a tree, and saue my honor?

*Iaco.* Yes, Ile transforme you, you may beare fruit too, if  
you will be willing.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



# The Favorite.

*Enter Duke disguis'd.*

*Duke.* How happy are those men that lead a Country life,  
And in the nature of each severall creature,  
View the great God of Natures power, who can finde  
Nothing in the whole frame, but either for the composition  
Or the existance, is worth our admiration!

*Within Clarinda.*

Murder, helpe, helpe, Murder!

*Duke.* It was a womans voyce sure.

*Exit.*

*Enter Iacomo.*

*Iaco.* Slaue that I was, that did not stop her mouth, as well as  
bind her hands; it was well the bushes were so thicke; for had  
Ie once got sight of me, he would haue coold my heate: since I  
haue mist this pleasure, my reuenge shall be the greater; Ile to  
the King and tell him what I know concerning *Lysander*,  
which will ingraft me in his fauor, and for *Ciarinda's* accusall,  
let mee alone.

*Exit.*

*Enter Duke and Clarinda.*

*Duke.* Tell me prety Boy, why did the villaine bind thee?  
I thought thou hadst beene a woman, when I heard thee cry:  
How pale thou lookest of a sodaine; be not afraid,  
He dare not come againe to hurt thee.

*Clar.* My hard harted Master I feare will come agen.

*Duke.* He had a hard heart indeed, that could hurt thee:  
It is the pretiest boy that yet I ere did see,  
And yet me thinkes I haue seene a face like this before:  
Where wert thou borne sweet child?

*Clar.* Sir, I was borne in Naples.

*Duk.* Sure I haue seene a face like thine,  
Why dost thou blush?

*Clar.* Where Sir, doe you thinke you haue seene  
A face like mine?

*Duke.* Not in this Countrey, for I am here a stranger.

*Clar.* Then Sir,  
you doe not know the way to *Gerards* Lodge.

*Duke.*

## The Favorite.

*Duke.* Wouldst thou goe thither?  
I thinke I doe.

*Clar.* Yes Sir, if I did know the way.

*Duk.* Ile bring thee thither if I can.

*Clar.* Sir, I doe owe you much,  
And haue no other payment but my thankes:  
But might I be so happie as to meet you  
In the City, I haue some friends that would  
Perchance doe you some pleasure.

*Du.* If thou wilt stay with me here in the Forrest,  
At a little house where I doe lie, to morrow  
I will bring thee to the City.

*Clar.* You are the most  
Courteous man that ere I met with:  
I am so weary that it is not possible  
For me to reach the City, and at the Lodge,  
*Lysander* must not stay, nor must I flye  
With him; I am not yet prouided of money,  
For our flight. Foole that I was to trust  
That villaine *Iacomo*, alas, I did not know  
Him then to be a villaine. Sir, if you'l bring  
Me to the Lodge, I will onely speake one word  
With one that is there, and go along with you.

*Duke.* Come then.

*Clar.* He takes me for a Boy, and so long  
There's no danger. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleonarda drest like a Nymph, Huntsmen.*

*Cleo.* Lay on the Hounds where the young Deere went in,  
These old fat Deere make no sport at all.

*Huntsf.* If it please your Grace he is not a Stag.

*Cleo.* No matter Sir,  
I am the Mistris of the field this day,  
My Brother not being here, and I will  
Haue it so: the sorer that the Chase is  
My being absent will the lesse be markt. *Hornes.*

*Enter*



# The Favorite.

*Enter Mariana and Lysander.*

*Mar.* Brother, me thinkes now your wounds being well,  
It were good to quit this Countrey for a while:  
For it is impossible but by some meanes or other,  
If you stay heere, you will be discovered.

*Lys.* Sister, it is my intent; but I without  
The Princesse leaue, who hath preferu'd my life,  
Will certainly resolue of nothing.

*Mar.* The time hath beene, that you without  
*Clarinda's* leaue would haue done nothing.

*Lys.* And is so still,  
For may I perish when I proue false  
To my *Clarinda*; yet should I say I doe not  
Loue the Princesse, and with some passion too,  
I should but lye. See where she comes

*Enter Cleonarda and Gerard.*

And with the splendor of her heauenly eyes  
Amazeth my weake senses; not *Dian's* selfe  
Lookt halfe so louely when she woo'd  
The pale-fac'd Boy *Endymion*;  
Nor *Pallas* when she stood Competitor  
With the two Goddesses to gaine the golden apple,  
Appear'd with halfe that Maiestie  
That she doth thus attir'd: hold faith,  
Thou neuer wert in such a danger.

*Cleo.* *Lysander*, I am glad to see you thus  
Recouer'd: I glory in my cure.

*Lys.* Madame, I am so well,  
That I desire your license to depart,  
There's danger surely in my being here  
Both to your selfe and me.

*Cleo.* *Lysander*, I know you doe but iest;  
For should I giue you leaue, I know  
You would not goe.

*Lys.* Madam, it's best we part, should I stay here  
And dayly looke vpon those Sun-bright eyes,

## The Favorite.

And heare your charming tongue, my faith I feare  
Would proue like wax, and melt, *Clarinda's* picture  
Would be soone defac'd, and I should then deserue  
The hate of all the world.

*Cleo.* *Lysander*, do not feare it, You shall this day  
See faire *Clarinda*, whose merits will arme you,  
Too strongly to misdoubt a change.

*Lys.* Did your Grace see her then?

*Cleo.* Yes *Lysander*. I saw *Clarinda*,  
Whose perfections haue compeld the heauens,  
In Iustice, to giue her the most deseruing man aliue  
To be her seruant.

*Lys.* Madame, its true,  
She hath indeed the most deseruing man  
That then did liue, the Duke, giuen to her  
For a seruant: but when the heauens saw  
That she did refuse him whom they knew  
Was onely worthy of her, they left her then  
To her unhappie choice, in me, in which  
She cannot faile to be miserable,  
And that they might torment her with  
The knowledge of her error, they tooke from  
The earth vnto themselues whom she refused,  
Making him equall vnto one of them.

*Cleo.* *Lysander*,  
I wil giue you leaue to praise the Duke,  
Because it still tends to your greater praise,  
Since you did ouercome him both by your valor,  
And your other merits: for faire *Clarinda*  
Whose iudgement is compleat, esteeme you  
For the worthier, *Lysander* neuer was there man  
So blest as you are, in a Master, for it is  
As impossible to equall her in loue,  
As in perfection; for though she know that her  
Perfections farre transcendeth mine, yet her  
Excesse of loue did make her iealous,

When



## The Favorite

When as I told her I had sau'd your life ;  
And how , but I to shew her that I loued  
You only as a brother, did tell her where  
You were, and much I wonder that she  
Is not come.

*Lys.* It may be she doth wisely feare that there  
Are some that watch each step she maketh,  
Hoping by that to find mee out ; for now  
It is no newes that she doth loue me,  
When I am at Florence Ile send her word,  
For so I promis'd her in a Letter when I went  
To fight, if that I escap'd with life.

*Cleo.* You shall not goe to Florence to day,  
Yet doe so , and bee not sad to goe ;  
For when my Brothers passion is once ouer,  
And that he shall consider the iustnesse  
Of the Dukes request, in his last Letter,  
I meane your pardon, hee cannot sure  
Be any longer cruell.

*Lys.* Why Madame,  
Did he write a Letter to the King,  
In which he beg'd my pardon ?

*Cleo.* Yes *Lysander*, he did ;  
And the last word that ere hee spake, was  
To that purpose , the letter I can shew you ;  
I neuertill this day could get it from my Brother.

*Lysander reads to himselfe.*

*Lys.* He in this Letter doth expresse himselfe  
To besoneere the composition of the Gods,  
So filld with all perfections, me thinkes it's strange  
They shold not build him altars: yet my infortunate  
Hand did rob the world of this precious Jewell ;  
For which offence my heart shall drop in iustice  
As many bloody teares, as now my womanish teares  
Doe drops of brinish water.

*Cleo.* Worthy *Lysander*,

## The Favorite.

Each pearle like drop falls from thy manly eyes,  
May expiate a greater sinne then that thou didst  
Commit in thy intention: I cannot chuse  
But kisse thee for this noble sorrow. Say *Mariana*,  
Haue I done ill to kisse your Brother?

*Mar.* Madame, it were in me presumption  
To censure any of your actions.

*Cleo.* *Lysander*, Must you goe to day?  
Sure you doe not loue me as a Sister, else  
You would not part so soone.

*Lysan.* By this kisse, which I belieue shall be  
The last that I euer shall be blest with,  
Did not my faith oblige me otherwayes,  
I should loue you equall with *Clarinda*,  
Nay had I knowne you first, I should  
Haue lou'd you better; but as it is  
I know you are so noble in you selfe,  
That you wold hate me if I should proue inconstant.

*Cleo.* It is true, it were a basenesse for which  
My iudgement would condemne you as vnworthy  
To be belou'd; but yet I thinke my passion  
Would make me change that saying of louing  
Of the Treason; yet hating of the Traitor;  
For I should hate the Treason, and yet I feare me  
Too much loue the Traitor.

*Lys.* It were impossible that you should loue  
A periur'd man.

*Cleo.* I doe but feare it;  
I know your worth will neuer put it to the tryall.

*Lys.* Deare Princessse,  
*Gerard*, to whom I am much bound,  
Hath horses ready for me, so that there is  
Nothing wanting but your leaue to make  
My iourney happie.

*Cleo.* Which I vnwillingly doe grant you, yet  
Pray the heauens to make your iourney prosperous.



# The Favorite.

O *Mariana*, would I had neuer seene thy brother,  
Or hauing seene him, that I might enioy him  
For my Husband: but I doe ill to wish anothers  
Right; that happinesse belongs to faire *Clarinda's*  
Merits onely.

*Lys.* Go *Gerard*, get the horses ready. *Ex. Ger.*

*Cleo.* *Lysander*, let me heare from you,  
And if you thinke it no way preiudiciall  
To your faith. I pray you weare this fauor  
For my sake.

*Lys.* Madame, most willingly,  
And thinke it for the greatest honor that ere  
Was done me.

*Within Crye, round beset the house.*

*Cleo.* What noyse is that *Mariana*?

*Mari.* Madame, Ile goe see.

O Madame, we are vndone, it is the King,  
Who threatensto hang vp *Gerard* for concealing  
Of my Brother.

*Lys.* Deare Madame, hide your selfe,  
What will the King your Brother say,  
If he doe finde you here?

*Cleo.* I will *Lysander* flye from his anger now,  
That I may haue more power hereafter  
To doe thee seruice; what will you doe *Lysander*?  
It is no matter what becomes of me,  
So that you be safe from the Kings anger.

*Enter King, Iacome, Attendants, Gerard bound, Guard.*

*Iaco.* Sir, set the house round, lest he should scape  
At some backe dore.

*King.* Be that thy charge, take halfe the Guard, Ile search  
The house my selfe: Where is this bloody Traytor?

*Lys.* Sir, heares a bloody-handed, though not a bloody  
Minded man, that doth not yet deserue the title  
Of a Traitor. I know it's me you looke for.



## The Favorite.

*King.* Bloody villaine, it's thou indeed,  
Lay hands on him.

*Lys.* Keepe off, and heare me speake first,  
And then I will deliuer vp my sword.

*King.* What wouldst thou say.

*Lys.* I see poore *Gerard* bound, whom I  
Compel'd to conceale me.

*King.* How couldst thou compell him?

*Lys.* Royall Sir, with patience hear me:  
When I by the assistance of Fortune, not my valour;  
(Yet I did nothing basely) had kild that noble Duke  
I was my selfe sore wounded, so that I could not  
Flye out of your territories, and well I knew  
Into what house so ere I came, though they  
At first might pittie me, not knowing  
What I had done; yet when they once should know  
That I had kild the Duke, they then I knew  
Would streight discover me, rather to gaine reward,  
Or else to saue themselues from future danger,  
Which to preuent. I thought my safest course was  
For to compell *Gerard*, whom well I knew  
Liu'd farre remote from company, to sweare  
Not to discover I was in his house,  
Or else I threatned straight to kill him,  
Hoping that rather then he would forswear  
Himselfe, he would conceale me, wherein I was  
No whit deceiu'd.

*Ger.* If please your Maie'tie,  
He came into my house before I was aware,  
With his sword drawne, and setting of it  
To my brest, threatning if I would not sweare  
For to conceale him, to kill me instantly.  
I (not knowing what he had done)  
Swore all that he would haue me.

*Cleo.* A God transform'd into a humane shape  
Could doe or say no more then he hath done.

*King*



## The Favorite.

*King.* But when thou knew'st that he had  
Kild the Duke, how durst thou then  
Conceale him?

*Lys.* I then began to fright him with strange  
Examples of the cruell punishments that periu'r'd  
Men had felt, and aw'd his conscience that way.

*King.* So thou dost mine *Lysander*;  
For I haue made a vow, after that I had got thee  
Once within my power, the Sun shall not  
Twice set, til I had with a sacrifice of thy heart bloud  
Appeas'd my Kinsmans Ghost. I dare not  
Be forsworne, away with him to prison,  
And *Gerard.* *Exeunt Lys. Ger. and Guard.*

*Cleo.* It is then no time for to conceale my selfe.  
O cruell Brother! you haue in that rash oath  
Mutder'd all vertue that Mans fraile nature  
Is capable to receiue,

*King.* I am amaz'd,  
Tell me deare Sister, what make you here;  
I hope you know not of this villany.

*Cleo.* O doe not call a demi-god a villaine,  
Though Fortune made his valiant arme  
The instrument to rob you of a worthy Kinsman.

*King.* Sister, you speake with passion, as if  
You lou'd him.

*Cleo.* Yes Brother, I doe loue him,  
With all my heart I loue him; which I will  
Manifest more then in words,  
If you be cruell.

*King.* Sister, as you respect my fauour,  
And your owne faire Name, blemish not so  
Your royall blood by louing of a murderous  
Ingratefull villaine.

*Cleo.* O that you were no Brother to me,  
Nor my King, that I might satisfie mine  
Anger by a braue reuenge.

## The Favorite.

By louing of a murderouſ ingratefull villaine.

*Cleo.* O that you were no Brother to me,  
Nor my King, that I might ſatisfie mine anger  
By a braue reuenge; by my life, I would haue ſhed  
His heart bloud with my Iauelin, that ſhould  
Haue ſpoke this but your ſelfe, but as it is,  
He let you ſee your error, you might as well  
Call him a murderer that being aſſaulted  
By a barbarous thiefe, kil'd him that would  
Haue rob'd him; for ſo *Lysander* did, and  
Whereas you call him ingrate, there you doe  
Erre, the Duke being his debtor; and ſo  
Indeed is all the world, for he hath left them  
Such a Story in his actions, that hee that can  
But read and imitate them to the life,  
Shall in another iuſter age, be made a God,  
And worſhipt for his vertues.

*King.* Siſter, did you but ſee how ill  
Theſe praifes doe become you; (for you indeed  
Are drunke with affection) you would leaue  
Them me. I know when you recouer by the helpe  
Of reaſon, you'l hate your ſelfe, and wiſh that all  
Y'au'e ſpoke or done this day were but a dreame.

*Cleo.* O neuer, neuer; poore *Clarinda*,  
What will become of thee when thou ſhalt heare  
This killing Newes!

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clarinda and the Duke.*

*Duk.* It grieues my heart that I haue brought thee wrong,

*Clar.* Sir, muſt we lie here in the wood all night,

*Duke.* I feare there is no other remedie,

*Clar.* O my *Lysander* thou art loſt I feare  
For euer, and that ſame villaine *Iacomo*  
is cauſe of all. There is ſome comfort yet,  
I ſee a light, ſure it's ſome houſe.

*Duke.* For Charities ſake open the Dore. *He knocks.*

*Enter Hermit.* Lord Sir, where haue you beene?

*Duke.*



# The Favorite.

*Duke.* Mercy vpon vs, how are we mistaken!  
This is the old mans house where I haue beene  
Still since I came into the Forrest.

*Cla.* Pray heauen he did not misse his way a purpose,

*Duk.* Good Father, if you haue any meate  
Fetch me some for this sweet youth, I met him  
In the Forrest, and would haue shewed him  
The way to *Gerards* Lodge, but lost my selfe,  
And wandred vp and downe till now.

*Her.* Here, here's some meate; I was my selfe at *Gerards* Lodge, and saw those  
There whom you would little thinke.

*Duke.* Who were there?

*Her.* The King and his faire Sister,  
*Lysander* bound as a Prisoner, for killing  
Of the Duke.

*Cla.* O my *Lysander's* lost. fals.

*Duke.* Looke to the Boy, he swoones; speake  
Child, what dost thou ayle?

*Cla.* That same who is *Lysander*, now a prisoner,  
(And must die) was the only cause I would  
So faine haue gone to *Gerards* Lodge,  
For that villaine who had bound me, I knew  
Would tell the King that *Lysander* was there,  
And I would faine haue giuen him warning,  
That he might haue fled, because hee is  
Thy Kinsman.

*Her.* Be not sad Boy for that,  
I heard the Princesse sweare if the King  
Put to death *Lysander*, that she will not out-liue  
Him; and he too well loues his Sister,  
To lose her so.

*Cla.* How! Is the Princesse so in loue with him?

*Her.* Indeed they say she is.

*Duke.* Come, and eat your meate, you shall  
Goe to bed; I know you are weary.



## The Favorite.

*Clar.* Sir, I cannot eate; I had rather sleepe,

*Her.* Come then, Ile shew thee to a Bed.

*Clar.* No Sir, Ile lie vpon the Rushes, I neuer vse  
To lie with any body, and I am sure  
Here in this house there are not many beds.

*Her.* Come, thou shalt lie alone;  
There are two beds, we two will lie together.

*Clar.* Please Sir to leaue me here, Ile go to bed.  
No childe, Ile helpe thee.

*Clar.* If he should see my breasts, I am vndone;  
I will keepe on my doublet.

*Her.* Goe to bed sweet childe, wee'll leaue thee. *Exeunt.*

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## Actus quintus, Scaena prima.

*Enter Iaspero and Bernardo.*

*Ias.* What newes at Court?

*Ber.* Sad newes belieue me.

*Ias.* Why, must braue *Lysander* suffer to day?

*Ber.* The King hath sworne to haue his head off ere Sun-set.

*Ias.* The Kingdome will be poore in such a losse,  
For he leaues none behind him worth his equall.

*Ber.* I, but is't not strange the King should grace  
That villaine *Iacomo* that did betray him?

*Ias.* His extreame loue vnto the Duke makes him  
Loue *Iacomo*, who doth professe that he did not  
Discouer *Lysander* in hope of gain; but onely  
Out of loue to the Dukes memory.

*Ber.* At one o' th' clocke he is to suffer, let vs be there betimes  
and get a place neere the Scaffold to heare his last words. *Exe.*

*Enter Utrante in blacke.*

*Utran.* How blacke and sorrowfull this day lookes!  
This day, in which *Lysander* is to suffer:  
Noble *Lysander*, to whom my Child and I  
Are so much bound; and yet hee is the cause



# The Favorite.

Of both our ruines; or rather I am cause:

It was my ambition to haue a Duke

My Sonne in Law: no, it was my *Clarinda's*

Beauty bred all this mischiefe, and it was

The Heauens that gaue Beauty to her:

Why did they then not blesse that gift in her,

But turne it to her curse? Peace wretched man

And argue not with those high powers,

But wait their pleasure, and pray for their assistance,

Who can yet change this Scene of blood into

A Scene of ioy, and back returne thee thy *Clarinda*.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Ser.* If't please your Lordship, my young Lady  
Is return'd and gone agen. *Vrran.* How!

*Ser.* She hath bene in the house this houre as the maids tell  
me, hath chang'd her cloaths, and's newly stolne out at the back-  
gate, and gon toward *Lysanders* prison; two of my fellowes are  
gone after her, and I came back to tell your Lordship. *Exit.*

*Enter Cleonarda and Mariana.*

*Cleo.* And do's the Kings cruel resolution hold still?

*Mar.* O Madam yes, my poore Brother must dye to day.

*Cleo.* And wilt not thou dye with him: speake *Mariana*.

*Mar.* Madame, I could wish that I might not out-lie him.

*Cle.* Why sayst thou thou couldst wish, hast thou not hands?  
Or dost thou want a knife? if so, yet there's many wayes to die.

*Mar.* Madame, how strangely doe you talke.

*Cleo.* Why, wouldst thou wish to liue,  
After the vntimely death of such a Brother?

*Ma.* Madame, we must not goe vntill the Gods do call vs,  
Yet I by lieue it is the better place.

*Cleo.* The better place, assure thy selfe of that, they would  
Not else thus early call thither the best of Men. I will follow  
Him where ere he goes to see. *Enter Iacomo.*

*Iac.* Madame the King desires your company.

*Cleo.* Villaine, had he none else to send but thee  
That didst betray *Lysander*; hence from my sight. *Exit.*



# The Favorite.

*Enter Duke and Hermit.*

*Her.* What did you with the Boy? did or not? for is your will

*Duke.* I left him at the Count *Utrante's* house:  
He told me he dwelt there.

*Her.* At what houre say they must *Lysander* suffer?

*Duke.* At on of the clock, faile not to be there,  
And get neere the Scaffold.

*Her.* You need not bid me. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish.* Enter *King, Cleonarda, Iacomo, Mariana, Attendants,* one of them in Habit of a Countreman.

*King.* Sister, beleëve me, you haue told me such particular  
Arguments of *Lysanders* worth, that I doe pity  
His misfortunes much, and haue quite lost my anger;  
Yet Iustice must be satisfied.

*Cleo.* Sir, the offence that he committed, was but against  
The Law, although he rob'd you of a Subiect;  
You are aboue the Law, and may remit it;  
A King should in points of life and death,  
Be like the Chancery, in other cases, and helpe  
By mercy against the cruell letter of the Law,  
As the Chancery doth by conscience,  
Especially when your owne conscience tels you  
That he was forc'd against his will to fight.

*King.* Sister, it were an example too dangerous  
To pardon him that kild my next of blood:  
It might encourage some to strike my selfe,  
And therefore it is in vaine to plead for mercy.

*Enter Utrante and Clarinda.*

*Viran.* O daughter, let not your passionate loue  
Vnto *Lysander*, make you accuse good *Iacomo*.

*Cla.* O Sir, you are cozen'd, he is a Diuell incarnate,  
Iustice. Iustice great Sir.

*King.* Lady, I thought your plea would haue beene mercy,  
And not Iustice.

*Clar.* Sir, I haue lost all hope of mercy; but Iustice  
I hope you will grant me against that villaine *Iacomo*.

*Iaco.*



# The Favorite.

*Iaco.* Now haue at me; but I haue fore-arm'd the King with such a tale, that and mine owne impudence, which neuer faile me, shall well enough defend me.

*Kin.* Arise faire *Clarinda*, and by my Crowne, Bring your sufficient prooffe, you shall haue Iustice; But wel I know you hate good *Iacomo*, because he did Discouer where your *Lysander* was.

*Cla.* Would I had bit my tongue out of my head, When I gaue it power to tell you where *Lysander* was.

*Iaco.* Your maiestie may marke by this how true the rest is that she hath to say. Madame, then you would seeme as if I had deceiu'd your trust, and that you had to mee discouerd where *Lysander* was; make me not so odious, I neuer was a traitor, had you to me discouerd it, wild horses should haue torne mee in a thousand pieces, ere I would haue confest; no, this same countrey fellow one day being within the Lodge saw him, and so discouerd it to me.

*Cla.* Though thou deny'st this with a brazen brow, Yet thou canst not denie thou wouldst haue rauisht me, When I did trust thee to goe along with me, I being disguis'd then, where I to thee discouerd When *Lysander* was; and more thou threatendst (If I did not giue consent to thy base lust) To murder mee, when thou hadst done, Because I should not tell.

*Iaco.* Madame, I did not thinke that loue to any man could ere haue turnd that excellent wit of yours so ill away, as thus vniustly to accuse a man that is innocent, and one that honors you.

*Enter Duke and Hermite.*

*Utran.* Sir, I doe grieue, My Daughters loue vnto *Lysander*, should Moue her for to seeke a most vniust reuenge Against good *Iacomo*, whose like for honestie I know not in this Kingdome of his quality.



# The Favorite.

*Clar.* Sir, here's a witnesse, that will confirme  
What I haue said for truth.

*Duke.* What gentle Lady?

*Cl.* Sir, 'twas I that you rescu'd yesterday,  
From a villaine that would haue rauisht me.

*Duke.* Why Lady, were you in such danger?

*Iac.* Marke you Sir, she knowes of no such thing.

*Cl.* I was the Boy you found in the wood,  
Whom this villaine would then haue rauisht,  
Which then I told you was my master.

*Du.* I thought no boy could haue so sweet a face,  
Indeed Sir, tis most true; I found this Lady bound,  
And that same villaine as I thinke; for I had but  
A glimpse of him in the bushes, his feare making  
Him flie as soone as euer he saw me.

*Clar.* I beseech your Maiestie let him be hang'd,  
For on my honor what I doe affirme is truth.

*King.* Your affirmation is to me a hundred  
Witnesse, yet it were in me iniustice to deny  
The combat 'gainst this gentleman that doth accuse  
Him on your behalfe, if *Iacomo* desire it.

*Duke.* Belieue it Sir, he that will do such villanics,  
Will neuer dare to fight, Sir send him to the Galleyes,  
If he will not fight, it shewes his guilt.

*Iaco.* Hell take you all, I dare not fight might I haue all the  
world giuen. Ile rather to the Galleyes. I shall goe out there with  
some trick or other, and then Ile poyson twenty of you, Ile not  
discouer what I am that will but shew me more.

*King.* Let him that rescu'd *Clarinda* haue the land  
That *Iacomo* should haue had, for discovering where  
*Lysander* was: call forth the prisoner, and proceed to execution.

*Enter Lysander, Executioner, Guard.*

*Lys.* Weepe not *Clarinda*, you may liue happily  
You and the Princesse may together make  
A kinde of Marriage, each one strongly  
Flattering themselues, the other is *Lysander*.

For



## The Favorite.

For each of you's *Lysander's* better part :  
Pardon *Clarinda* that I borrow from  
That streame of loue a part to pay the Princesse,  
Which euer yet ran constantly to the Ocean  
Of thy perfection only, for now a gratefulnesse  
To her, makes some of it run in another current ;  
For which I know thou being wise, canst neuer  
Loue me lesse, knowing that I haue loue enough  
For both, since I can marry neither.

*Cl.* *Lysander*, doe not thinke I grudge that part of Loue  
You pay the Princesse, her merits farre transcending mine,  
Besides, you owe her for preseruing of your life,  
And I haue beene the only cause, that you must lose it ;  
But Ile beare you company, and in that pay the debt I owe you.

*King.* Why staves the Prisoner? *Lys.* Onely to take  
A parting kisse; then when you please, I am prepar'd.

*King.* What meane you Sister, will you make apparant  
To the world your folly? *Cleo.* Sir, doe not hinder me,  
For if I may not here speake with him,  
We will conuerse in death sooner then you belieue;

*Lysander*, thou art going to thy lasting home,  
And in thee all vertuous men must suffer,  
They being but branches, thou the root of all perfection:

Who will be Curteous, Valiant, since these are causes  
Of thy death; for thou vnto the world didst manifest  
In thy last action with the Duke, that thou wert  
Really possesst of these: but I, in summing vp thy worth,  
Doe but increase my grieffe; since I must part with thee,  
The rich vnhappy owner; for they haue only seru'd  
To reuiue thee, and those that lou'd thee for them,

Poore *Clarinda*, I from my owne conceptions  
Could weepe, to thinke vpon the torment thou wilt feele,  
When as the Axe shall seuer from thee loues  
Worthy person, thy comely head, worthy,  
Most worthy, in that it was the Cabinet appointed  
By the Gods to keepe their richest Jewellin,



## The Favorite.

His minde, which is indeede an Index,  
In which iudicious men may read as in a Booke,  
The whole contents of all their excellence.

*King.* Sister, for shame doe not thus wrong  
Your selfe and me, by throwing such high praises  
On a man, condemn'd by Law: *Lysander,*  
Prepare thyselfe to die, and take no notice of her  
Idle prailes, which if they could to any mortall  
Man be due, they were to him, for whom  
Thou now must suffer.

*Lys.* Sir, I doe confesse it and am ready to receiue  
Your doome.

*Cleo.* I need not to a mind so fortifide as thine is  
Giue any Antidotes, to arme thee against death.

*Lys.* All the encouragement that I will desire  
Shall bee a kisse of your faire hand.

*Cleo* *Lysander,* thou knowst my soule embraceth thee,  
These are the first teares that ere fell from mine eyes,  
Although a woman, which I am pleasd with,  
Since it well expresses this is the greatest griefe  
That yet I euer felt.

*Lys.* This kisse *Clarinda* is thy due, thou art  
The neereft to my heart in Iustice.

*Clarinda* swoones.

*King.* Looke to *Clarinda,* carry her home.

*Cleo.* I thought she would haue out-gon me; but now  
Mine shall be the glory: who would liue in a world  
That's bankrupt of all vertue?

*Lys.* kneeles.

*Exec.* I pray Sir forgiue me your death.

*Lys.* Friend, doe thine office; I forgiue thee.

*Duke.* Hold villaine.

*King.* How darest thou hinder the sword of Iustice,  
From lighting where it is design'd.

*Duke.* Sir, if you execute this Lord, you are a Tyrant.

*King.* Why Sir, will it bee tyranny in mee  
To execute the Law? the fellow's mad,  
Lay hands on him.

*Duke*



